

Leatherneck

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES



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John H. Mose

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THE LEATHERNECK, JANUARY, 1950

VOLUME XXXIII, NUMBER 1

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SOUND OFF

Edited by

Sgt. Frank X. Goss

WOMAN-HATER

Sirs,

I am a Pfc stationed in the Pacific, serving with Marine Fighting Squadron 218. I have read the *Leatherneck* for about four years and I am writing in for information on why the Marine Corps has to have Women Marines. From November 10, 1775, until about 1942 (February 13, 1943, to be exact.—Ed.) the ladies stayed behind and kept the home fires burning for their sweet-hearts and husbands. It seems as though the fires have all gone out. Can't the men run the Marine Corps? You know as well as I that we did it for a long, long time, and upheld the tradition and everything else we stand for.

Now it seems we are slipping, and the ladies are stepping in. The big question is, "Why?" I can't figure it out. Can you straighten me out on it?

Pfc John H. Reynolds, USMC
Guam, M.I.

• Yes, this used to be an all male Marine Corps, but during the recent war, when men were badly needed for combat jobs, the lady Marines more than proved that they could replace the men at non-combatant duties. The Women Marines today do many jobs better than men and can replace husky males in offices so that the men can carry out more rugged types of military duty. Most Marines are glad to have the ladies in the Corps. We hope they are with us to stay.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

Every time you make liberty and have a dusty night at sea, somebody gets stuck with guard duty. Of course, the man on the gate wakes up the next day with money in his pocket, no hang over, and no doubts. Furthermore his system is toned with a stimulating desire to make his next liberty a beaut . . . Our cover by Sgt. John C. DeGrasse is dedicated to the guys on the gate.

BULLETIN BOARD

NAVAL ACADEMY ENTRANCE QUALIFICATIONS

THE law authorizes the appointment to the Naval Academy, by the Secretary of the Navy, each year of 160 midshipmen from among the enlisted men of the Navy and Marine Corps. These appointments are made as a result of a competitive examination which is given annually on the third Wednesday of April. Enlisted men of the regular Marine Corps who are candidates for appointment to the Naval Academy by the Secretary of the Navy must have the following qualifications:

- (a) Be of officer caliber.
- (b) Be a citizen of the United States.
- (c) Have enlisted in the Marine Corps on or before July 1, of the year preceding that in which the Naval Academy entrance examination is held.
- (d) Be not less than 17 nor more than 21 years of age on April 1, of the year in which the Naval Academy entrance examination is held. The maximum age is raised to 23 years for men who served honorably a minimum of one year in World War II.
- (e) Have completed at least three years of a high school course or equivalent and have received credit for the satisfactory completion of two years of either algebra or geometry or have received credit for one year of each.
- (f) Be able to pass the required physical examination.
- (g) No person who is married or has been married is eligible for assignment to the Academy.
- (h) No person who has one complete academic year at the Naval School, Academy and College Preparatory, may be reassigned thereto except in case of protracted illness or other extenuating circumstances.

Further information concerning Academy appointments may be found in Marine Corps General Order number 40 or Articles D-1101, C-1203, D-2308, and D-2309, BuPers Manual.

PROMOTION TESTS FOR WOMEN MARINES

THE Marine Corps-wide enlisted promotion testing program will include General Military Subjects Tests for promotion of enlisted women to the rank of corporal and above. The first tests for enlisted women will be administered during the early part of this year.

In order that Women Marines be acquainted with the standards of military proficiency, Headquarters lists the below subjects for study.

Drills, inspections and ceremonies.
Marine Corps Administration.
Military discipline, customs and courtesies.
Uniform Regulations for Women Marines.
Interior Guard Duty.
First Aid and Personal Hygiene.
Defense against Chemical Attack.
Security of Military Information.

All non-commissioned officers shall possess a familiarity with and a knowledge of those subjects mentioned above to a degree which will enable them to give instruction. In addition, they will be thoroughly familiar with the subjects listed below.

Technique of Instruction.
Technique of Command.
Parades, reviews and ceremonies.
Organization of the Naval Establishment.

FIRST DIVISION HISTORY

THE First Marine Division History, "The Old Breed," has been published.

The history was written by George McMillan, former Marine combat correspondent with the First Division and is being distributed free to all former members of the division.

Cards requesting the present address of former members

have been sent to all division veterans. If, through change of address, any former members of the First Division have not received these cards, they are urged to write to the Infantry Journal, 1115 17th St. N.W. Washington, D. C., stating their full name, dates served with the division and their present address.

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 1]

NO SPIT AND POLISH

Sirs,

Not intending discredit to the average Marine's attention to proper dress; I would like to know what has happened to the rigid spit and polish standard upheld by the Corps before and during the war. I am referring to the picture in October's *Leatherneck* (We-The Marines—Ed.) wherein MSgt. Skillings stands notably at attention under salute while being ceremoniously mustered out on "30."

Just at a glance, without effort toward finding fault, I noticed that (1) his belt buckle is not in center position as per regulation (2) his shirt is definitely much too large and baggy, as one can tell by the up-raised arm (3) that hand salute is scarcely resembling a salute at all.

Well, I'm not one of the boys from the "Old Corps," and I'm not up on peacetime Marine Corps at all. Maybe these things are given less regard than what I was accustomed to; but I put three years in during the war when blues, parade ground appearance, and sharp regulations were at their weakest, but believe me, I could have scraped together a platoon of ragged—Marines who could look sharper than the general run of today's "Hollywoodies" and their windsor knots. The Corps never required that we tailor our khakis, but we managed to get ones that would fit neater than the "Old Salts" who, after 20 years at parade rest, don't know where their belt buckles should be. True, the Marine's khaki is inferior to the Army's but it doesn't have to be that inferior. If I saw the "Old Salt" anywhere but at that parade, striking the same pose, I would say he was shading his eyes rather than rendering a salute. He could even be holding down the top of his cap in a stiff breeze. Better still, look at it this way, the Army reads this magazine too. Incidentally, although the Army doesn't turn out quite so sharp as the Marines, I've never seen a salute that poor even in the U. S. Air Force.

Now to substantiate my argument—look on page 41 of the same issue. The "Most outstanding player" of San Diego's 1948 Marine football team is wearing his belt buckle almost on his left hip! What kind of dress is that? I was vehemently warned never to wear my buckle that way—and if caught so—would have been committed to the mess hall.

I was no Regular—I didn't claim to be a professional Marine, and wasn't

in the States long enough to make more than six week end liberties ashore. I didn't even wear the "new" off my greens, but they were tailored, and worn properly.

A veteran of the 1st MarDiv
Sgt. Reynold Tracy, USAF
Roswell, New Mexico

● You have indisputable evidence in those pictures, Sergeant. We appreciate your criticisms as evidence of a genuine regard and concern for the Marine Corps and its appearance. In explanation, may we remind you of the non-reg "custom" of placing the belt so the buckle is on the left side and causes a less noticeable bulge beneath the blouse. Perhaps MSgt. Skillings and the "Most outstanding player," Volney Quinlan, had just removed their blouses and had not changed their buckles to the proper position. Sgt. Skillings' salute may be explained by noting the low angle of the camera. The angle makes the hand appear higher than it is. For the size of the shirt . . . no excuse. For the once-in-a-life-time experience of going out on 30, we think Sgt. Skillings is allowed a few discrepancies.—Ed.



DRESS OR UNDRESS?

Sirs,

I would like to know the difference between "Dress Blues" and "Undress Blues." One of my buddies says that undress blues is with a khaki shirt and tie. I say that they are without ribbons and medals. Who is right?

Pfc Jerry D. Donald, USMC
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● You come the closest to being correct, Jerry. Undress Blues include campaign ribbons and marksmanship badges. Dress Blues include campaign medals (and decorations) without marksmanship badges. The combination blue trousers, khaki shirt and tie may be authorized at commands where blues are the uniform of the day; such as, on recruiting duty, sea-going or at certain embassy guard detachments. The new Marine Corps Manual gives all the straight dope on current uniform fashions. See the November *Leatherneck* feature on Uniform Regulations.—Ed.

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TURN PAGE

Sky lines



by SGT. WILLIAM MORRIS

Leatherneck Staff Writer

MARINE Corsair fighter-bombers "attacked" San Clemente Island off California coast with high explosives, napalm fire bombs, and machine gun fire in their dress rehearsal for Operation MIKI. Squadrons are part of First Marine Wing and support amphibious troops of Army Second Infantry Division on Hawaiian beaches. Rear Admiral Walter F. Boone directs support group from USS *Boxer*.

DURING recent show of world jet aircraft, the United States came up with 34 different types. Closest competitor was England with 24. British ahead with jet transport. Our air force has six multi-jet type of bombers, 12 types of fighters and one trainer. Naval aviation has seven types of jet planes in operation. Among armed services aircraft are five types of planes with both jet and reciprocating engines plus three rocket-powered planes, two with jet and rocketpower and a ram-jet-propelled helicopter.

CLASSIFIED information on the XB-51 bomber was exhibited to several top defense brass at Martin Aircraft recently. Rated top support plane, the three-jet blaster underwent high-speed taxi test prior to its first flight test. Its prime aerial duty will be destruction of surface targets and hampering advance of ground troops.

WHILE the armed services are discussing the combat qualities of Martin's first three-jet bomber let's list some of the "firsts" established by Martin during a 40-year history: First bomber and armored plane—first trainer—first free-fall parachute—first pursuit plane—first twin-engined bomber—first to use a cannon (a 37-mm.)—seven Martin bombers were first to prove a battleship could be sunk by airpower—first experimental night mail plane—first all-metal monoplane to carry a 2000-pound bomb—first all-metal seaplane—first bomber with air-cooled engine—first successful large plane for carrier launching—first practical dive-bomber which carried a 1000-pound bomb in terminal velocity dive—first modern bomber (China Clipper)—first transoceanic commercial flight—first power-operated (hydraulic power) turret—first power-operated

(electrical power) turret—first self-sealing fuel tank—first all-plastic nose for bombers—first of world's largest flying boats (the Mars)—heaviest cargo ever carried by single seaplane, 68,263 pounds carried from Patuxent, Md., to Cleveland by the Mars—first single-engine plane to carry payloads over 10,000 pounds, the Mauler with a gross weight of 25,000 pounds—world's first six-jet bomber, the B-48—new after-body hull for flying boat—first pilotless aircraft powered with ram-jet engine, the radar-tracked, radio-controlled Gorgon IV—first American-designed, American-built high altitude rocket, the Martin Viking.



THE MARTIN VIKING

MARTIN's second Viking rocket is being readied for firing. Liquid rocket type which is expected to reach a height of 200 miles in later firings. Speed required to reach that height is 5800 miles per hour. The rocket will burn alcohol and liquid oxygen. Viking will be used in research in cosmic rays, atmospheric composition, radio propagation, photography and spectroscopy. First Viking test reached an altitude of 51½ miles at a speed of 2250 miles per hour. Ten of the new Vikings were built for the Naval Research Laboratories.

SOUND OFF (cont.)

ROUND TRIPPER

Sirs,

In the "We-The Marines" section of the July Leatherneck, Sgt. Kunkle and Corp. Gemmill think they have a record because they travel 120 miles round trip per drill night. That's a lot of miles, but a good friend of mine, Sgt. Charles Hagerty, and several other enlisted men and officers drive from San Diego to Los Alamitos, (near Long Beach) a round trip of at least 210 miles. I understand that there are several officers in our squadron who drive to the base from Santa Barbara; that's roughly 250 miles. Me, I'm a piker. I only drive 75 miles round trip. Most of the men in the squadron drive about the same distance.

In the summers of 1947 and 1948, from March to September, I lived and worked on Catalina Island, 22 miles from the mainland. In order to attend the twice-monthly drills I had to take Saturday night off. That was a loss of \$10 in pay. I had to take the boat back to the mainland Saturday afternoon—two hour trip—round trip fare \$4.92. It cost me a dollar to get a sack at the YMCA in Long Beach Saturday night and Sunday morning. I got up at 6 AM and hitch-hiked 12 miles to the base. When the drill period was over I had to hitch-hike 17 miles to the boat. As soon as I got back on the island I changed clothes and went to work until eight the next morning. I was a guard at a hotel being rebuilt, the Saint Catherine, if you're interested. It cost me in cash, \$16.92 to attend each drill, plus all the inconvenience. I received \$6.66 from the government at the time for each drill day. So it cost me about \$10.26 each time, or \$20.52 a month to attend the Marine Air Reserve drill periods.

I have been in the Reserve since December 10, 1945, and have been attending drills at Los Alamitos since August, 1946. I haven't missed a drill day and have attended four out of four annual maneuvers.

I'm not bragging, and neither am I complaining. We don't have to attend these drills, but we do. We are proud of the Marine Reserve and the part we have in it, and regardless of what we have to go through to get there, we'll be at the base, ready for work, next Sunday and every drill day after that, too.

A Reservist

TSgt. R. D. Blomgren, USMCR
Los Angeles, Calif.

● Good work, Sergeant! It's a pleasure to know that the Reserve program means so much to you and your buddies.—Ed.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the members of THE LEATHERNECK Association is hereby called, and will be held at Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D.C., on February 2, 1950, at 1330, for the transaction of any and all business that may come before said meeting.

WILLIAM F. KOEHNLEIN
First Lieutenant, USMC
Secretary-Treasurer

WE'RE LOADED

Sirs,

Just another in the long series of gripes and growls about uniforms. Why not a special pocket for passes? I now have (1) Identification Card (2) Liberty Card (3) Civilian Clothes Pass (4) Civilian Drivers License (5) Marine Corps Drivers Permit (6) Marine Post Exchange Card (7) Naval Air Station Ship's Store Card (8) Naval Station Ship's Store Card (9) Automobile Registration Card (10) Commissary Card (11) Wife's picture (12) Baby's picture. Quite a problem to stow. Now that the new pay bill is in effect I may even have folding money.

MSgt. Woodrow W. Gill, USMC
Norfolk, Va.

• We have the same problem, plus our press pass. A loaded wallet will bulge in just about any type of pocket. Try the pocket inside your green jacket. It gives a lopsided effect but is the least noticeable.—Ed.

UNIFICATION NOTE

Sirs:

While reading "Sound Off" in my September *Leatherneck*, I came across Pfc Kenneth Harwood's letter asking you to settle an argument as to whether or not the Marine Corps is part of the Navy. Your answer was "yes."

As a discharged Marine, I always thought the Navy was a branch of the Marine Corps! Ahem!

David W. Mervine

• Most Marines seem to think along the same lines, Mr. Mervine. The few times we have been baited, in conversation, as to whether or not the Marine Corps is part of the Navy, we have allowed that it is and while our baiter gurgled with idiotic glee at our admission, we snarled our punch line, "The best part!"—Ed.

RESERVE SPACE

Sirs,

Several of the men in my hut have been talking over the articles in the last few issues of the *Leatherneck*. We would like to know, why do the Reserves rate more space in the magazine than the Regulars? Is their work more important than the job of the Regulars who are sweating out their overseas time in places like Guam?

(name withheld)

Guam, M.I.

• They don't rate more space than the Regulars, but they, too, are an important part of the Marine Corps. When and if the time comes, the Reserves will fight alongside their brother Marines in the Regulars.—Ed.

HUNDRED PERCENTERS

Sirs,

We just received your Sept. issue of *Leatherneck* and took a great interest in the article entitled, "Rifle Matches, '49." It brought to mind an experience of which the officers and men of Marine Barracks, Midway, are very proud.

During the last two weeks of August and the first two weeks of September, we all snapped in and fired the qualification course for the M1 rifle and the carbine.

The high man for the M1 course was Pfc Herbert R. Luster of Little Rock, Arkansas, with a score of 223.

The high man for the carbine course was TSgt Delbert R. Hunt of Des Moines, Iowa, with a score of 257.

The officers and men of Marine Barracks, Midway, 52 men in all, are able to boast of a 100 per cent qualification. We're sure there aren't very many outfits who can do the same.

The gang at Marine Barracks Midway Island

The Commandant of the Marine Corps is deeply appreciative of the Christmas and New Year greetings extended to him by friends of the Corps. Because of the volume of messages received, however, he is unable to reply directly to each well-wisher. Therefore he desires, through *The Leatherneck*, to make personal and official acknowledgment with thanks, and to convey to all cordial assurances of friendship with best wishes.

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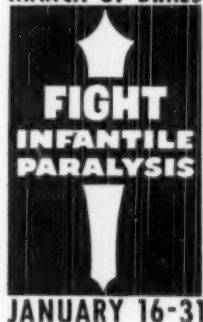
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"I didn't say she was good looking . . . I said wait'll you see 'er'"

SOUND OFF (cont.)

ONCE A MARINE, ALWAYS. . .

Sirs,

I am fulfilling a long-time desire—to write to your magazine and let you and whoever cares to know what I think of the U. S. Marines and their magazine.

You can't serve three years in an outfit and go overseas twice with them and not have a warm spot in your heart for them. I served with MAG 21 and later on the *USS Salerno Bay*, an escort carrier. I for one, received my discharge with regret.

I am now established in civilian life and the owner of a furniture store, but all I have done, or will do as a civilian, pales beside the fact that I was once a U. S. Marine.

My dress blues are carefully preserved in the closet at home. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I get them out for a parade or a funeral and wear them. Then no one is better than I!

I don't care what others think, but I think the Marines are the best damned fighting men on the face of the earth; the best dressed, the sharpest, and the best of everything else. I am proud to have been in the Corps, and am proud to be in the Volunteer Reserve now. It will be indeed a sad day if the U. S. Marines are ever disbanded.



Leatherneck Magazine is tops. I read every article. I know you can't please everybody, but you please me. So Semper Fidelis!

I knew only a few fellows during my cruise who disliked the Corps. I remember how they always vowed they would never let their sons join the Marines. Well, here's a toast to them. If my son ever wants to join the Marines, I am going to pat him on the back and say, "Go to it, son. I hope you love the Corps as I did and get all the joy and heartaches that I got while with it. You'll never regret your choice."

Cliff Anderson

Henry, Ill.

S. O. S.

Sirs:

Every so often, and it is too often, my husband, a former Marine, talks of what a delicious dish creamed beef (or hamburger) on toast is. To satisfy my husband and my curiosity, please send me the recipe.

Mrs. Charles Gretkowski
Jersey City, N. J.

Sirs:

Would you please send me a copy of the recipe for the Corps' famous "SOS"? Just having been discharged from the Corps this past June, I miss having SOS once a week.

Thomas M. Grimes
Bloomfield, N. J.

Sirs:

Being a former Marine and a reader of Sound Off every month, I noticed that you sent Thomas McSkimming a recipe for creamed hamburger on toast. I would appreciate it if you would do me this same favor.

Ralph W. Miller
Milltown, Ind.

Sirs:

Please send me the recipe for creamed beef (or hamburger) which I have seen in your magazine.

Mrs. B. J. Sturdevan
Hartford, Conn.

● Many requests for this recipe have been received by Leatherneck. Here are the ingredients and the cooking instructions:

- 1 lb. coarse ground beef
- ½ cup evaporated milk
- 1½ tbsp. lard or butter
- 1 cup beef stock
- 3 tbsp. flour

Braise the meat. Make the gravy in a separate pan as follows: Melt the butter, or lard, add flour, stirring constantly until thoroughly blended and browned. Stir in the other liquids, a little at first, then enough to thin, add the braised meat and simmer until tender. Season to taste with salt and pepper. A little sage, or curry powder will give it zest for the gourmet who cares for an added spice flavor.—Ed.

GUARDSMAN GRIPE

Sirs:

I am a member of the Illinois National Guard. I was surprised at the number of mistakes shown in the pictures of "The Kansas City Cannoneers" in your September issue. The truck pulling the howitzer did not have the safety belt up in the rear of the truck even though the picture gives the impression that the truck is moving. If

TURN PAGE

MAIL CALL

Condensations of letters received by Leatherneck appear below. The name stated first is that of the person wishing to establish contact with the last named person or persons.

N. H. McIver, Rt. #1, Norlina, N. C., to hear from C. P. Lewis, formerly of the Third Marines, believed to live in Va. or W. Va.

Harry C. Wehmeyer, 314-2 Corregidor Sq., Newark 5, N. J., to hear from Ansel Winston and other buddies from the rifle range at Parris Island. Also from Don Shaw who went through boot camp at Parris Island in Plt. 455, 1942.

Peggy Hendrix, Route 3, Box 988a, Albuquerque, N. Mex., to hear from Pvt. Louis Irwin Hartkoff.

Francis O. Cushman, Route #3, Box 183, Wapato, Wash., to hear from Lt. Ed Cardner, formerly of Weapons Co., Seventh Marines, believed to live in N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Vaughn, 115 Parker Ave., Kendallville, Ind., to hear from the chaplain who presided at the burial of their son, Pvt. Paul Leon Vaughn, Co. E, 2nd Bn., Ninth Marines, Third MarDiv, Kaen Retta cemetery.

Mrs. Marvin Houchin to hear from anyone who knew her brother, SSgt Ray V. Puckett, VMF 211, MAG 21, who was killed in action on Wake Island.

Rochus Meyer, 1826 N. W. 20th Ave., Portland 9, Ore., to hear from Lt. Jack J. Tapsout.

Hugh K. Wall, 421 Candler St., Winder, Ga., to hear from some of his old buddies who served with C Co., Third Marines, FMF, WesPac, at Tsingtao, China.

Geo. J. Sampson, 28 Mt. Pleasant Street, Plymouth, Mass., to hear from anyone who served with him at Iona Island, N. Y. in 1940-41, especially Ralph Fugua of Detroit, Mich., whose last known service address was Recruiting Headquarters, Hartford, Conn.

END

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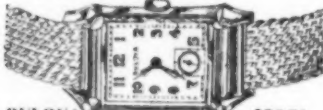
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SOUND OFF (cont.)

the truck is not equipped with a safety belt, it seems the Marines do not care much for the safety of their men. If it has a safety belt, the enlisted men should be instructed in its use.

The members of the Illinois National Guard would have loved to wear only T-shirts out in the field too. But they would be too good of a target for the enemy. We had to wear the proper uniform all the time and sweat it out. That also includes helmet liners, although we did take them off when we could get by with it. But if we had our picture taken, we would be up to "snuff."

The lieutenant colonel (K. A. Jorgensen) should have had better pictures taken of this group so that his remark would hold water. (Col. Jorgensen's remarks: "they have responded to all our training so well that I would be happy to have them in my command . . . under combat conditions."—Ed.)

Pvt. Wilbur Nelson
223d F A Bn, Btry A

Moline, Illinois

● We have no excuses to make for the truck discipline nor the appearance of the men in the Kansas City Reserve Artillery Battalion. Many Marines still have much to learn about motorized movement. We feel that the toleration of sloppy un-uniform field dress is inexcusable—among Regulars or Reserves.—Ed.

RATED RIBBONS

Sirs:

I am at the present time stationed with Company "C", Ninth Marines, Second Provisional Marine Brigade, and I would appreciate it very much if you would answer a question which ended up in a hot argument instead of a discussion.

In the same platoon with me is a boot, one year in the Marine Corps, who knows it all. He has apparently been snowed and won't give in. He says he rates every ribbon the Ninth Marines rate. In return I told him, citations, yes, such as the Presidential Unit Citation, but area ribbons and so forth, no. Please inform us as to what he can wear while with the Ninth Marines. I say he can only wear the citations the Ninth Marines rate and only while he is in the outfit. When he is transferred the ribbons may not be worn. Who is right?

Pfc Vincent B. Gladysz, USMC
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● You are right. He rates only the unit citations awarded the Ninth Marines, minus stars, but only during the time he is a member of this cited unit.—Ed.

GYRENE GYNGLES

Sirs:

In regard to J. M. Elliott's letter concerning compilation of "Gyrene Gyngles" into book form (*Leatherneck*, Sept.) and your inquiry as to what "our other readers think of the idea." I have looked forward to the book "Gyrene Gyngles" and "Songs of Our Corps" for many years.

It has been many years since 1940, and yet I feel as many others, "Once a Marine, Always a Marine." I took my discharge in 1946 and I can truthfully say it took me less time to become a Marine, in the ways of a Marine, than it is taking me to become rehabilitated as just another citizen. I find my thoughts and studies always inclining toward the Corps. Through the years your column has carried many requests for reprints of more and more Gyngles, and more and more gripes when they didn't appear at all.

Poems such as Gyrene Gyngles are, may not be put together by any great authors but what great author tried to put together such themes as *esprit de corps*, fighting spirit in so many variations, excellence in friendship, humor, pathos, and traditions belonging only to our Corps.

What book—fiction or non-fiction—would give the reader an idea of the basis of Marine Corps tradition, over so large a scope?

I'm all for such a book, but I shouldn't like to see any preference given any one set of poems; meaning, those that run along any particular theme. Variety is the spice of life.

MSGT. John J. O'Krongoly, USMCR
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Sirs:

I am all for J. M. Elliott's suggestion regarding a compilation of the "Gyrene Gyngles" into book form. Start the presses rolling and you've got an eager customer.

SSgt. R. V. Franklin, USMC
El Toro, Calif.

Sirs:

I note J. M. Elliott's letter about the possibility of a book of *Leatherneck* poetry from "Gyrene Gyngles." I've often thought it might be worth doing. If the Corps didn't want to bring it out maybe I could interest a New York publisher.

I would, however, ban the very first poems ever run in "Gyngles." They were sent to *Leatherneck* from Barabona, D. R., by a very young second lieutenant. They were titled "Gyngles of a Gyrene" and I believe they started

the department. They were not so good. They were all done by
 Arthur J. Burks
 Paradise, Pa.

• *Support of J. M. Elliott's suggestion has been received from all quarters and is found most gratifying. Readers Burks, Franklin and O'Krongoly were only a few of the many who appear anxious to see "Gyrene Gyngles" in book form. Publishing a book of poetry requires a great deal of ground work but Leatherneck is now seriously considering the project.—Ed.*

MARINE—HOW ABOUT THIS?

Sirs:

I served in the Regular Corps for nearly eight years, received a field promotion to second lieutenant in 1944 and was released from active duty in 1946. At the present time I am a voluntary recruiting officer for this district. The reason for this letter is to see if the Marine Corps has changed a great deal since I left it. I would like you to print the following account in your magazine and see the reaction.

Several months ago I visited our county seat. Recorder's Court was open and I found that a Marine was being tried for driving without a license. I located the Marine and asked him if he had made arrangements to pay his fine and court costs so that he could be released. This amounted to \$53.00. He stated that he had wired his mother who would send him the money. Thinking that he was taken care of, I let the

matter slip my mind until the next night when I was informed that he was still in jail.

I live 12 miles from the county seat but I decided I would go down immediately and see what I could do for the boy. He told me when I arrived that his mother didn't have the money and he knew no one else he could get it from. So, being a Marine, I decided to help him. I gave the jailer a check for the \$53.00 and after his release I took him to the bus station to put him on the bus. However, there wasn't a bus running at that hour so I hired a taxi cab to take him to his station, the fare being \$8.00. This "buddy" promised to pay me back within two weeks.

The next morning, after several people had spoken to the judge and the clerk of the court, my check was returned to me. The judge changed the Marine's sentence to two days in jail, which had already been served, and remitted the fine and court costs. I had the Marine's address so I wrote him and informed him that he only owed me the eight dollars taxi fare. Well, this all happened several months ago, and up to this time I haven't heard a word from this so-called Marine. Personally, I think that he has really let the Corps down. I don't mind the eight dollars half as much as I hate the way this fellow treated someone who helped him when in distress. I wonder what your readers will think.

(name withheld on request)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)



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BUMBLEBEE

Marine Corps experts, working
with guided missiles
in secret since 1946, see new
horizon for their "hot" baby

U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo

by Sgt. Ray Lewis
Leathernock Staff Writer

PHOTOS BY
OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHERS
AND
JOHNS HOPKINS (APL) PHOTOGRAPHERS

→
A missile can be a genius or a moron.
Its I.Q. is predetermined and rated
by the intelligence section of the lab



WHEN a select group of Marines leave the Applied Physics Laboratory of the Johns Hopkins University early this spring, they will take with them the technical and practical know-how to launch the Marine Corps on its own guided missile program.

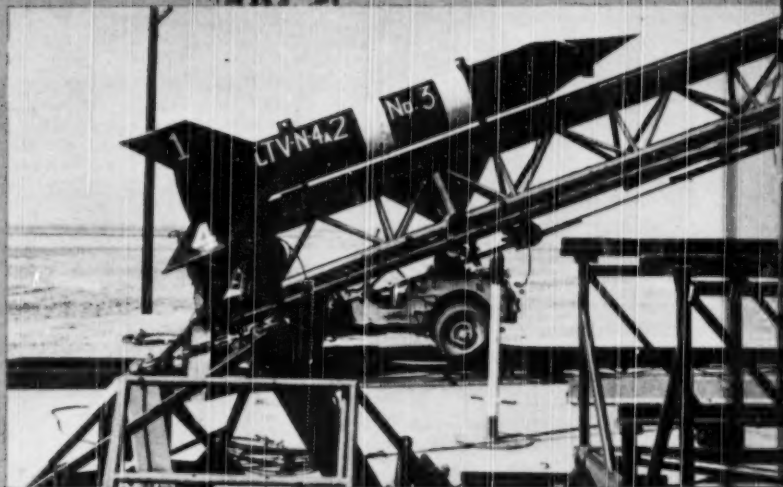
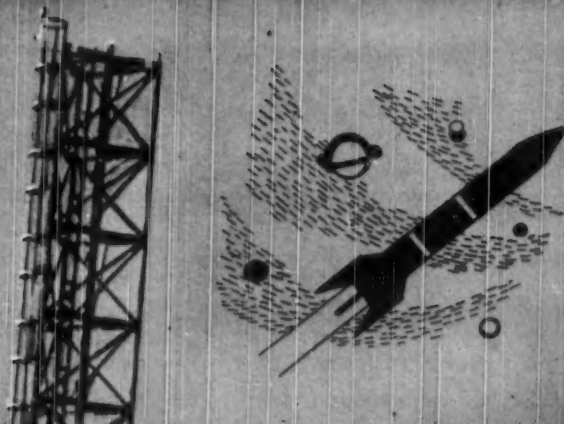
Nine officers and 22 enlisted men will form a highly specialized corps of instructors who will train other selected Marines in the latest techniques of missile assembly, checkout, launching and repair.

Their destination is the Naval Ordnance Test Station, Inyokern, Calif., where they will conduct actual experimental flights of guided missiles. Here they will work toward perfection in launching and operational techniques concerned with this new "baby" of the Navy. Here they may uncover new ideas which might some day make the Marines the "first to land" on the moon.

Although a bit short of the moon, Marines at the Applied Physics Laboratory (APL) realized a special field day of their own from their share in the behind-the-scenes instrumentation of the now famous Aerobee Rockets used in upper atmosphere research. Soaring to an altitude of nearly 70 miles, these rockets and the German-developed V-2 rockets filmed more than 1,100,000 square miles of the earth's surface. Few news releases have won as much attention from the American and International press and radio as did the photographs of this event, released in October, 1948.

For three years these Marines have been working on their individually assigned projects in this large guided missile program of the Navy Bureau of Ordnance. At the Silver Spring, Md.,

TURN PAGE



This solid-propellant booster rocket sped high into the supersonic range in recent tests at Inyokern, Calif.



A Navy liquid-fueled sounding rocket AEROBEE soars up the launching ramp on its way to supersonic flight speed

BUMBLEBEE (cont.)

laboratory, they have been teamed with outstanding civilian scientists, engineers and technicians, studying jet propulsion, guidance, control, telemetering, test range instrumentation and many other complex phases of the guided missiles program.

Only the supersonic and guidance problem of the missile is new, according to Dr. R. E. Gibson, director of the Applied Physics Laboratory. In a recent lecture he traced the history of the jet-propelled missile from the time when the Chinese used "arrows of flying fire" against the Mongols in the siege of Kai-fung-fu in 1232 A.D. to their present supersonic development. The rocket idea was adopted by Europeans and found considerable military use in the middle ages. After the revival of rocket launching in India about 1780, the British suffered from attacks by this weapon at the Battle of Seringapatam in 1792. But it was not until Colonel William Congreve, M.A., introduced an improvement in the manufacture of rocket propellants that their use really became popular. His radical change at the beginning of the 19th century increased their range to 2500 yards. This development led to the extensive

use of artillery rockets and by 1830 the military establishments of most nations contained rocket artillery units.

The rapid improvement in guns brought a decline in the popularity of rockets during the middle of the 19th century and in 1866 the last rocket unit was disbanded in Austria.

A double-base smokeless powder propellant introduced by Dr. Goddard and his assistants in the United States at the end of World War I produced a more powerful rocket than had been available before. This new propellant allowed the British and the Germans to develop powerful artillery rockets between 1930 and 1940.

These solid-fuel rockets together with American and Japanese versions were used extensively in World War II from installations mounted on the ground, on ships and on airplanes, initiating the new era of jet-propelled missiles.

The idea of furthering this rejuvenated science by study and actual experimentation at APL came from the Navy. Guided missiles, if developed, can be a formidable force in the event of a future war. The Navy realizes that the complex mechanisms of this weapon will require highly trained personnel, skilled officers and men in readiness when the new missile becomes a reality. Launching the weapon is an im-

portant factor, but there will be a heavy demand for technicians who know what makes the thing tick and men with a knowledge of pre-flight testing and control of the missile during actual flight.

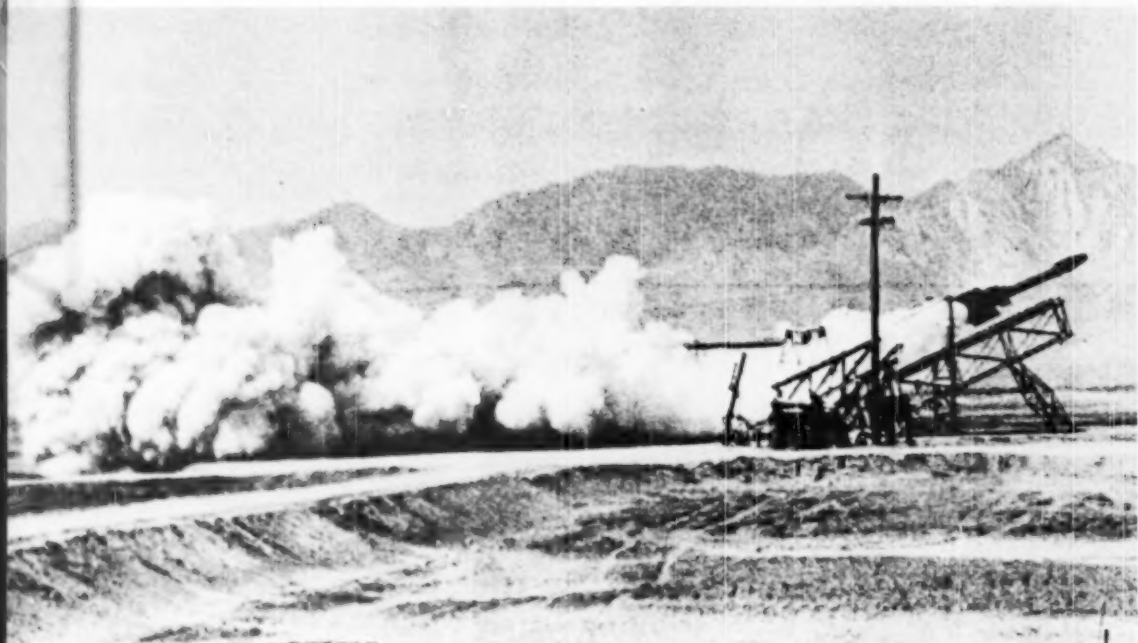
A research and development project on a guided missile, powered by a ram-jet engine, was started at the Applied Physics Laboratory in the closing months of World War II but it was not until early in 1946 that these Navy men and Marines actually began study and work in the laboratory.

The entire project, code named "Bumblebee," is under the sponsorship of the Bureau of Ordnance. The APL serves as the central laboratory and supervises the technical activities of more than 20 university research groups and industrial concerns engaged in the project.

By an exacting process of selection, Marines and Navy men were assigned to the U.S. Naval Ordnance Development Unit (NODU) with Lieutenant Commander Tad Stanwick, USNR, as officer in charge.

Duty with NODU begins with a two-week familiarization course during which the men receive general instructions about the Bumblebee project and are given a résumé of what they will learn in their two-year training period.

All on-the-job training is coordinated



A ram-jet leaves the launching rack. Before it can run efficiently it must be boosted to supersonic speed by a

rocket which drops off after a few seconds, leaving the missile to continue flight under self-contained power

with the Bumblebee program at APL by the training officer, Lieutenant Colonel James O. Bell, USMC, who has been with the program since it started.

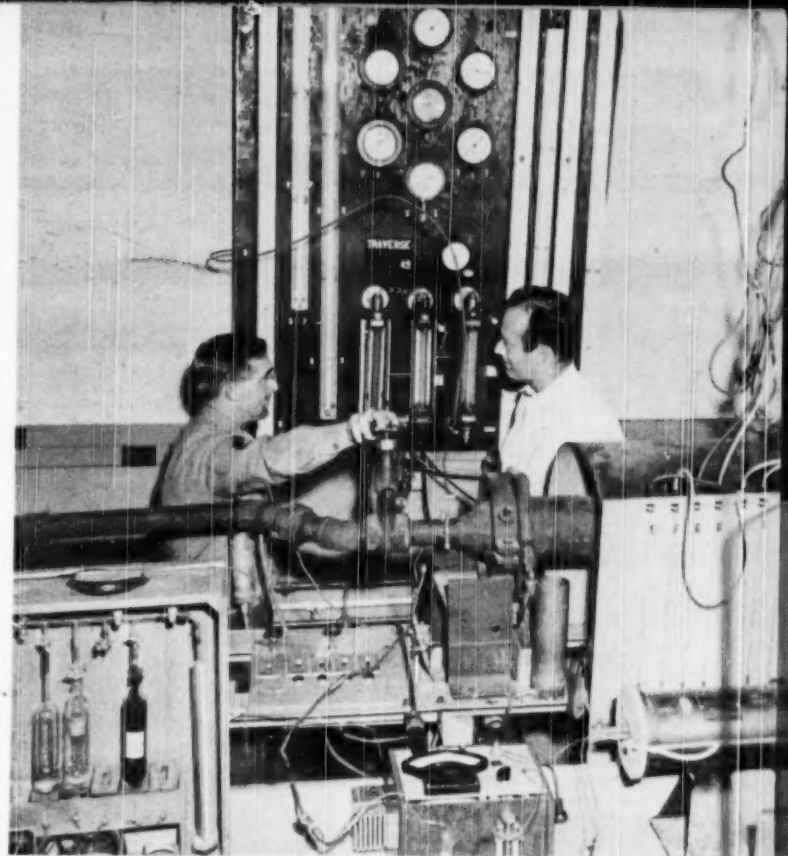
With the exception of administrative and clerical personnel, each man selected for guided missile training must have a thorough technical background in either electronics, fire control, ordnance or mechanics. All men must have a General Classification Test minimum of 110 and their Mechanical Aptitude Test must be in the higher brackets.

The practice of selecting only top qualified men from among those Marines who apply for the school and the insistence on a sound technical background for each man who enters the Bumblebee program, pays off. Here is an example of what applicants can expect:

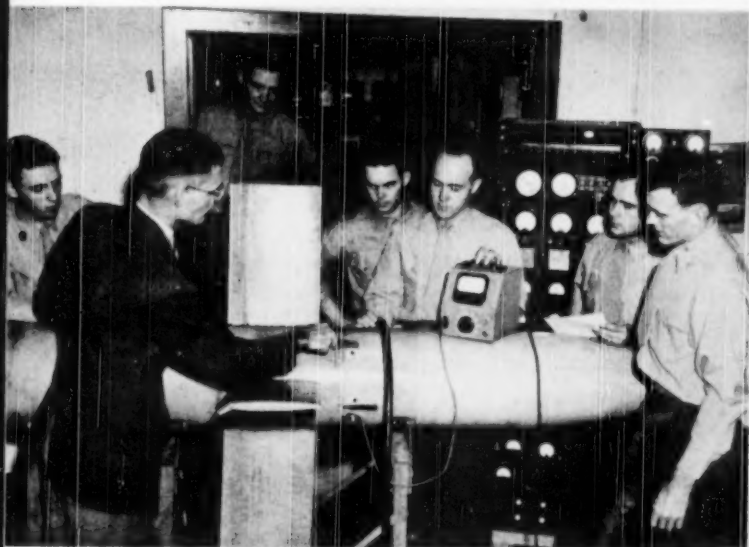
$$\frac{P_2}{P_1} = \left(\frac{P_1}{P_2} \right) M_1 / \left(\frac{P_1}{P_2} \right) M_2$$

$$\left(\frac{P_1}{P_2} \right) M_1 = \left[\frac{\gamma - 1}{2} M_1^2 + 1 \right] \frac{\gamma}{\gamma - 1}$$

This simple (?) little equation indicates to the initiated that the pressure at the exit of the diffuser depends on the pressure and Mach number at the entrance and on the Mach number at the exit which in turn is determined from the entrance Mach number by the area ratio of the diffuser. It also reveals that when the shock is to be main-



TSgt. George Norris and Dr. Walter Berl, chemist at the ram-jet burner lab, conduct a controlled, small-scale experiment to test a missile propulsion theory



Mr. Miles Ross, engineer in the control section, explains a characteristic of this multi-finned, rocket-propelled missile to Marine students in his division

tained on the rim, thereby deforming the geometry of the diffuser, the Mach number at the exit of the diffuser bears a definite relationship to the flight Mach number of the vehicle.

If you understand this you might qualify for the school.

The APL Marines hold their own weekly meeting, discussing everything from supersonics to the uniform of the day, according to Col. Bell. The technical discussion provides each man with a better understanding of the overall guided missile project, its problems and its hopes.

A Marine with an electronic background is concerned mainly with the missile's guidance and control problem. Ordnancemen and mechanics go after the jet propulsion motor and its problems. Spirited discussion often takes place and if a man gives out faulty dope he is quickly challenged.

Marines have an active part in most of the research and experiments conducted on all phases of Bumblebee. Their diligence and aptitude have given

BUMBLEBEE (cont.)

them the authorization from APL to carry on considerable work in development entirely on their own.

The civilian scientists and technicians are pleased to work with Marines and rate their ability as excellent. Mr. Guy Worsley, project supervisor in the missile intelligence section, credited the Marines in his section with picking up the guided missiles program very rapidly.

Mr. E. S. Franklin, project supervisor of the ground Test Facility at APL's ram-jet burner laboratory, gave the Marines even higher commendation. "Conspicuous about the training here is the absence of rank," said the supervisor. "It's something to see a sergeant explain to a colonel some particular phase of the guided missile program."

Interest displayed by the Marines in their work is extremely keen, according to Col. Bell. They came to the laboratory on a voluntary basis and demonstrated their willingness to start from scratch in a new, complex field. Most of the men realize that they will become eligible for a recently established guided missile Military Occupation Specialty if they do well.

After three years of intense laboratory work and study on guided missiles, Marines at APL will tell you that the rocket is still a fledgling. They witnessed a step closer toward maturity, though, when a successful ram-jet, popularly called the "Flying Stovepipe," was developed and launched. In a test flight, the largest supersonic ram-jet engine ever flown attained a speed "far into the supersonic range," according to an announcement on February 1, 1948, by Rear Admiral A. G. Noble, chief of Bureau of Ordnance.

Eight of the APL Marines had looked into the future when they were selected to assist in the historic launching of a V-2 rocket from the deck of the carrier *Midway* in August, 1947. Each of these men underwent three months of actual guided missile flight training at White Sands Proving Grounds, New Mexico, before their assignment to the *Midway's* missile launching crew.

Other Marines under the jurisdiction of NODU at APL are assigned to two additional places of instruction. At the Ordnance Aero-Physics Laboratory at

Daingerfield, Tex., two officers and four enlisted men are taking training similar to that at APL. The laboratory at Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp., San Diego, Calif., has two officers and six enlisted men. Both these groups belong to the Bumblebee family and get exacting training and a textbook workout similar to that given to Marines at APL.

Marines also study guided missiles training at White Sands Proving Grounds, New Mexico, and at Point Mugu, Calif. (*Leatherneck*, March, 1949) but are not connected with Bumblebee.

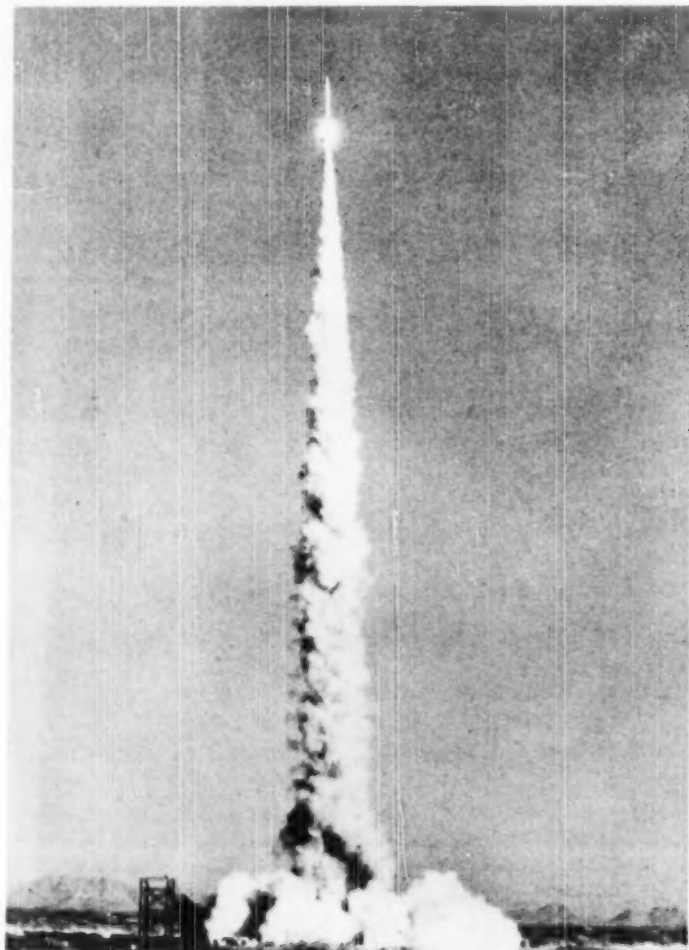
What these Marines studying guided missiles see and do must, of necessity, remain untold. When they see a brand new "bird," as the latest in intricate mechanisms is called, they may look, feel, and test. But they are forbidden to talk about it—to outsiders.

The Marine Corps' particular inter-

est in the development of guided missiles was best explained by Dr. Gibson when he addressed a joint meeting of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences and the American Rocket Society in New York, last year. Dr. Gibson said:

"It has been emphasized that rockets and guided missiles lie along the main line of the evolution of offensive and defensive weapons and are not chance mutations of immense technical interest but ephemeral, practical importance. As long as the security of our peaceful institutions and way of life requires as its front line of protection a means of discouraging or defeating aggression by armed force we must move along this main line of evolution. I would guess that centuries will elapse before we have developed a philosophy of life that will permit us to abandon this front line of the defense of civilization with a clear conscience.

"In the meantime, we must face the

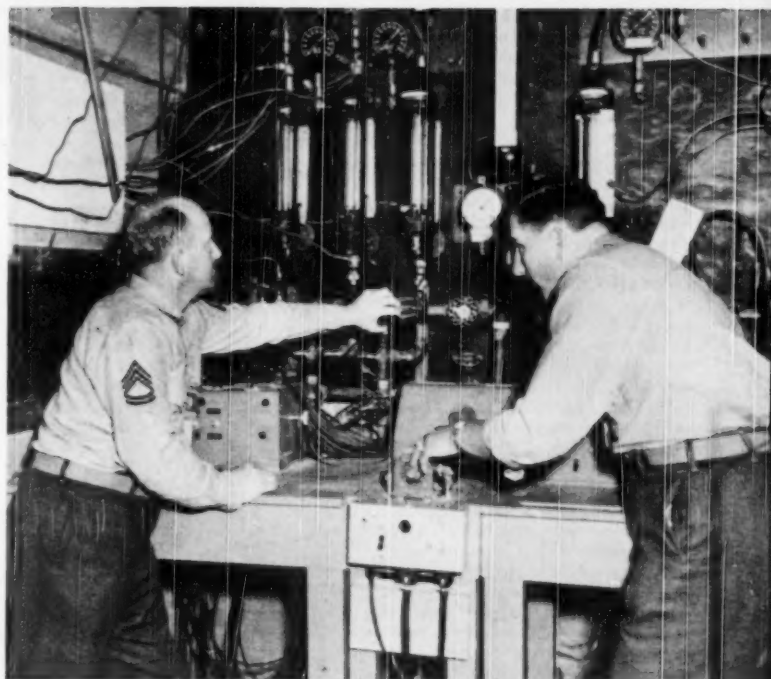


→
An AEROBEE AS-1 in second stage of firing. The missile is just clearing a launching tower hidden by smoke

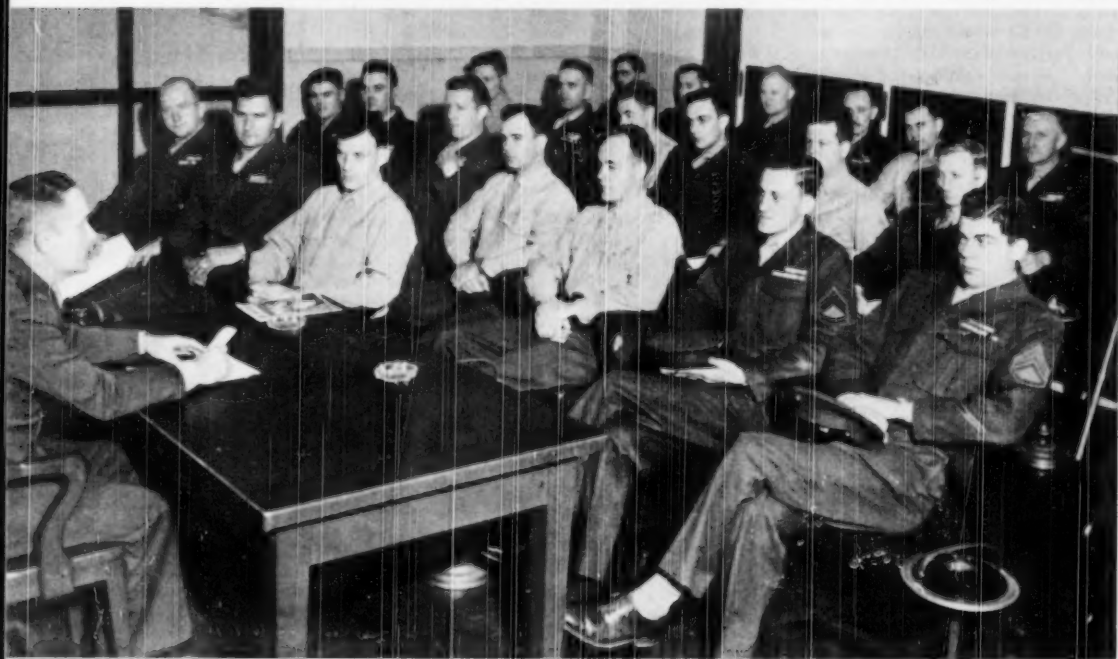
fact that those responsible for our military security must be supplied with instruments that embody the latest in scientific knowledge and engineering skill. Anything less is a snare and a delusion. Although, we are only on the verge of the atomic era, we are in the midst of the age of jet propulsion, electronics, supersonic flight, high speed mechanical computation and communication. The guided missile is one contribution to national defense that symbolizes the special advances of this age and synthesizes them into a combination that gives the speed, range, accuracy and rapidity of control demanded by modern warfare."

"The realistic thinker," Dr. Gibson said, "will not expect miracle or even rapid revolutionary changes in military and technical thought and outlook from the development of guided missiles. He will remember that experience of 300 years has taught us to rely on evolutionary processes for positive and definite progress. It has taught us that the way to great achievements is the step-by-step solution first of scientific problems and then of engineering ones. The nation that survives is the nation that keeps in the van of this march."

And Marines, the pioneers in the development of now-proved amphibious warfare tactics, want their nation to keep in the van of this march. **END**



A "Flying Stovepipe" is tested in a special cell (window at left) by two Marine missile students, TSgt. Thomas A. Herbison, left, and TSgt. Paul S. Danowski



LtCol. James O. Bell, training officer for NODU, holds weekly discussions with Marine students. The talk ranges

from supersonics and uniform of the day to bi-weekly drill at Henderson Hall, 1.5 miles from the APL laboratory



PISTOLEER

PHOTOS BY SGT. J. W. RICHARDSON

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

Breaking a world's record
or winning a match, it is
all the same to the Corps'
outstanding pistol expert

by Sgt. Robert W. Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer

ONLY a very bellicose man-at-arms would hurl a challenge at Captain Thurman E. Barrier. There are a number of reasons why gun-fighters and duellists, looking for an "Easy Mark," would find the captain an unfortunate selection. He's a Marine with 17 years service and he packs about 220 pounds of muscle on a six foot, three inch frame. Then there's that little matter of the three world's pistol records he holds and, too, he's a member of the National Champion Pistol Team of the United States, made up of a squad of 12 Marines.

Dueling, of course, is as *passé* as C rations, and anyway, Capt. Barrier is a very amiable person, a gentleman who wouldn't think of "smoking a guy down"—unless, there was sufficient provocation; a war would be sufficient, or perhaps a loose statement like: "There ain't no hot pistol shots in the Marine Corps."

Firing on a field of honor in the 18th century, Barrier would undoubtedly have become the patron saint of that era's morticians. Take for instance that string he blasted out at the U.S. Park Police pistol range in Washington, D. C., last August. He set his second world's record during that match. In the .45 caliber timed fire he drilled the



Volumes of shooting lore, statistics and big, glittering trophies crowd Captain Thurman E. Barrier's Target Practice Division Office located in Henderson Hall

ten ring, 20 consecutive times. This new record was a minor sensation in U. S. pistol circles, but in the 18th century, Barrier would probably have been heralded in every *salle d'armes* in Europe.

This being the enlightened age, however, the captain will continue to be ranked among the top half-dozen pistol shots in the United States, and keep firing in bloodless competition with iron-nerved marksmen throughout the world. And before he soaks his "irons" in cosmoline, it is likely that he'll add more records to his string.

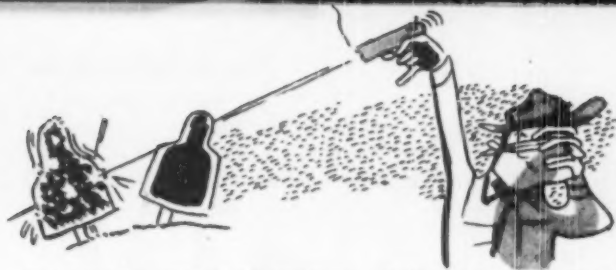
Between breaking pistol records and winning competitions, Barrier manages the affairs of the Target Practice Section at Headquarters, Marine Corps. In a small office in Headquarters, barely large enough for the four desks, eight glittering, waist-high gun trophies and the two people who assist him,

Barrier assists in the directing of all manner of items that come under the blanket title of Target Practice.

Photographs of the Corps' famous riflemen cover the walls. Behind the desk, in a glass-front case, are exhibited all the shooting medals awarded by the Marine Corps. Barrier at one time or another has qualified for all of them—from the gold distinguished marksmen's medal to the slim, nickel marksmen's bar.

In answer to the most frequent question asked of a famous rifle or pistol shot, "What do you have to do to be a champion shooter?" Barrier usually answers in one terse sentence, "A constant routine of practice, procurement of personally owned weapons and as much match competition as can possibly be had."

This opinion, although not especially startling, is held by most of the leading weapons experts in the nation. Barrier



is one positive proof of the soundness of the theory. He estimates he has fired in over 2500 matches since he joined the Corps.

His shooting career started back in 1933, a scant year after he enlisted. Assigned as a company rifle and pistol clerk to Captain Merritt A. Edson, he was given a chance to try out for a berth on the rifle squad by the famous captain.

It was mid season. Even with a late start, however, Barrier placed high among the team members. This was the start which sent him on to fire on two National Rifle Teams, Five National Pistol Teams and three International Pistol teams.

He smashed his first world's record in 1940. Already a distinguished marksman with rifle and pistol, he went to Miami and, firing over the National Match Course, blazed a 292 out of a possible 300 with the .45 pistol. This record was unbeaten until last July in a match fired at Durham, N. C.

During the war he served with the Sixth Marine Division as division staff ordnance officer. He returned from two years overseas with the Bronze Star and "V" clasp, the Presidential Unit Citation and a star in his Asiatic-Pacific medal. Other decorations he wears include: Good Conduct Medal, American Defense, China Service, American Theatre and World War II Victory medals, plus the Chinese Order of the Cloud and Banner for Japanese repatriation.

Picking up his tools again in 1947, the man who has put over a quarter million shots in the black, fired in the Southeastern Matches and walked off with the Pistol Championship. That year, at the Marine Corps Matches in Quantico, he placed well up in the final standings. At Quantico again in 1948, as one of the anchor men of the South Eastern Division rifle team, he helped his squad total a record breaking 7811 to win the Inter-division Rifle Team Match.

Barrier's latest record was established last October during the Pennsylvania State Championship Pistol Matches at Harrisburg. Civilian, police and service marksmen 230 strong crowded the range competing for the state title.

When the scores were officially totaled in the .38 Caliber Aggregate Match,

he'd done it again. Scoring an 883 x 900, he'd shattered the previous world's record by two points! In this same match, he blazed a 200 x 200 possible to tie the present record for the .38 Caliber Rapid Fire Match.

On that humid afternoon last August at the Park Police range when the second world's record fell to Barrier, the Marine Corps Pistol Team, captained by Lieutenant Colonel G. C. Funk, also joined in sharing a substantial slice of the glory. In a field of 150 competitors, the Marine Corps Team placed first, second, third, and fourth. Barrier was tops for the tournament with 2609. Master Sergeant Thomas R. Mitchell was next with 2596, in third with 2572 came Commissioned Warrant Officer Mark W. Billings and Staff Sergeant Joseph Jagiello followed him with a 2596 aggregate.

This year the Marine Pistol Team swept match after match against both civilian and service teams. Recently at the Pre-National Matches in Milford, Mich., they took two first places; the .45 Caliber Team Match and the .22 Caliber Team Match. Barrier again broke his own .45 National Record

with a cold 293 but that wasn't enough. The following morning he shot a 294 in the .45 team match.

The Marines made a grand slam at the National Championship Pistol Team Matches at Fort Sheridan last September. Firing against the toughest competition in the United States they won all three NRA Pistol contests. Barrier led the team scoring in the .22 caliber class with 294. In the .45 caliber he was tops with a 293. In the individual aggregate scoring he led his teammates with 2568. The captain did not fire on the winning team in the National team match, but takes great pride in the fact that the MCS team which did win the team match had two men, Mitchell and Billings, whom he instructed in pistol shooting at Pensacola, Fla., in 1940. Barrier points to the day when the Corps will have so many good pistol shooters, that he can sit back and just keep the score.

Officially recognized as the National Champion Pistol Team of the United States, having won 17 of the last 20 major team matches for the 1949 target year, the Marines out-scored the three strongest team contenders in the country; namely the Detroit Police Force, Department of the Army and the Los Angeles Police teams.

"We've had a good year," the captain modestly admits, "but this year, with the wealth of new material to draw from, we should do even better." With Capt. Thurman E. Barrier squeezing 'em off how can they miss?

END



by Sgt. William Milhon

Leatherneck Staff Writer

HARDWOOD HEADACHE



We had a faint suspicion that Sub Normal was playing "clean" ball.

Coch McCoy had an unbeatable basketball system until he tangled with his unbearable enemies—the Hatfields of Subnormal

“**A** NYBODY got a coin?” asked Coach McCoy.

There was an embarrassed silence in the dressing room. Outside, the fans were collecting souvenirs—tearing the field-house apart. We basketball players looked searchingly at one another. Nobody had a coin. Nobody said a word.

“A street car token?” The coach’s voice broke.

The silence hung like a pall. I stood up quickly, yanked a button off my jacket, and handed it to McCoy. “Will this do, Lieutenant?”

He swallowed hard. He nodded slowly. He wiped his nose on his sleeve. Then he balanced the button on his thumbnail.

“Men,” he said. “It ain’t often that a decision is too much for me. But this here one is a tussup. The emblem side of this here button is heads . . .”

We had faith in our coach. Not because he was a lieutenant, although

that should be enough to satisfy any peon. No. Our coach had built up our respect by his painstaking teaching. I’ll never forget when he got our little group together for our first instruction in basketball. It was a dramatic episode, a high point in our lives. We sat around in a circle, not daring to breathe, and the coach stood there in the center, rubbing his new haircut absent-mindedly. “Men,” he said. And we waited a long time. “Men,” he began again. And again we waited. It was impressed upon each of us that we were about to learn something of the most profound importance. “Men,” said the coach at last, “this here is a basketball.”

Since that time we’ve never doubted Coach McCoy.

He had a new slant on the scientific side of basketball. “See that there basket,” he’d say to us. “Well, all you got to do is put this here ball in that there basket.”

He was never afraid to tell us the truth about basketball. There was no prudish, false modesty about Coach McCoy. After we got pretty good at putting the ball in the basket he called us together again. “Men,” he said. “They’s a few more little things I got to

tell you about this game. First, you got to bounce the ball a little—people has come to expect you to bounce the ball a little, and it’s purty silly but it’s purty easy, too. So you should ought to bounce the ball a little to please the crowd.”

We listened reverently. Now we were getting into the complicated part of the game. “Men,” said the coach, “you got to throw the ball a little. You know, kinda pass it around. This is so one guy won’t have to make all the baskets.”

You can trust a coach like that. I’ll never forget the night he got so embarrassed. “Men,” he said. “You have reached the point now where I can tell you. This here game has got some rules to it.”

A stunned silence followed.

“Men,” said McCoy. “In the old days I wouldn’t have to ask this question. Kin you read?”

We said we could. This kind of got the coach’s goat. He passed rule books out to each of us. “Men,” he said, “you read this here book. If they’s anything you understand in it, don’t be afraid to come an tell me about it.”

And sportsmanship. McCoy really explained the principles of sportsmanship to us. “Men,” he said, “you should always be good sports on account of if you ain’t you’ll git flung outa the game on personal files!”

“Allus remember you are Marines. You got a tradition behind you. On topa that you got a whole second team behind you.”

He paused for dramatic effect. “Don’t never cold caulk a member of the opposition.”

“Not even for luck, Coach?”

McCoy scratched his nose. “We-ell. That would be a onusual case. Howsomever I will make a rule that the first team won’t do no cold caulkin’. And furthermore, don’t never kick a guy on a jump-ball, not even if your foot is itchin’ to kick him. And don’t succumb to that, awful impulse that so often comes over all us athlaetes, namely to break somebody’s arm. That’s what we got a second team for, men.”

Our second squad was composed of specialists. Two men from the boxing squad, one-punch experts; a good judo man; and two football boys noted for their punting ability. Marine Base Bagle had a well-rounded team.

Lieut. McCoy was our ideal. With the McCoy type of wise and competent instruction it was inevitable that we should win ball games.

We beat Smugson University 115 to 3. And immediately after the game the coach called us together. His face was the color of a left-over cold-cut.



MILHON

For a man who has been in the Marine Corps twice, Sgt. William Milhon knows surprisingly little about it. He brings to his stories, which have appeared in *Leatherneck* since 1945, a vast store of accumulated ignorance.

Milhon is 33, married, and has two children and a television set. Born in Indiana, he should have stayed there. He began to write in the eighth grade. (The other kids learned how in kindergarten.) He liked writing so well that he’s done it ever since. “I work on the utterly sound theory,” says Milhon, “that two heads are better than one.” Fortunately, he has two heads.

HARDWOOD HEADACHE (cont.)

"What," he demanded, "is the meaning of this?"

"Gee, I'm sorry, coach," apologized Whitey, our center. "Honest, I didn't mean to score more points than anybody else. I meant to miss that last one."

"After all I done for you guys!" groaned McCoy.

"I'm sorry about that travelling in the third quarter," I said. "I can't get the hang of bouncing the ball just right."

"Quiet!" snapped McCoy. "How's come you ornery houn-dawgs let that Smugson outfit score all them points!"

It was an unanswerable question.

"They had a tough team, Coach."

"Shore," agreed McCoy. "I suppose you think that's an excuse!"

We expected an awful chewing from McCoy after our second game. We played Hindquarters, Marine Corps, and edged them out 147 to 15. McCoy fooled us.

"Men," he said, "let's face it . . ."

I dropped a pin and everybody jumped.

"Men," said McCoy. "We're just second-raters."

We believed him. But nobody else on the base did. After we swamped Ft. Airdale, Maiden Point, Shmariss Island, Hawsepape NAS, and Sub-Normal College, all the boys around the base got the idea that we were pretty good. Gambling is illegal, I believe. But many of the Marines who walked around risking a few pennies on our basketball team began to drive around in new Cadillacs.

M. B. Bagle was very proud of us. Everyone was proud of us but Coach McCoy. He made us practice after taps. Very secret. "Don't never go out alone," he'd tell us. "Always look up and down before you cross a street. Don't speak to no strangers."

We didn't see the reason for all this skulking around at first. McCoy didn't explain. But we knew something was up the night a nice old lady came around to our basketball court about midnight. "Fellas," she quavered. "You wanta buy any nice fresh doughnuts?"

I bought a half a dozen right away, but Lieut. McCoy knocked them out of my hand. "Hahl!" he said right in the old lady's face. And with that he grabbed her, turned her around and booted her out the door, doughnuts and all. As she flew through the air, her skirts blew off, and everybody gasped.

"That there is none other than Long-nose Lennart of Camp Quagmire," said

Lieut. McCoy. "Luckily I pierced his disguise."

"Coach," I said, one night when we went into town. "Do I have to wear this beard. It keeps getting in my nose."

"Them is my orders," said McCoy, adjusting his crutch under his arm. He was disguised as an ancient slob 82 years old.

We were accosted in front of a bar by a hearty individual who greeted us with a wide smile. "My old buddy, Lieut. McCoy," he chuckled. "And Sergeant Thompson, Bagle's star forward. Well, whadda ya know!"

"I fear," said McCoy, "that you have

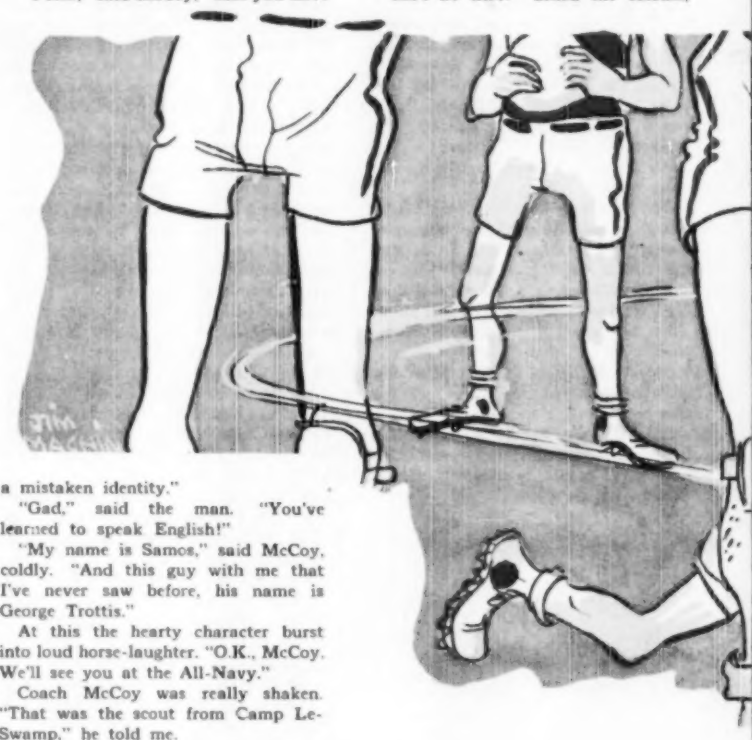
"Nobody likes Bagle," boomed the colonel. "M. B. Bagle is the worst base in the Marine Corps. Everybody wants a transfer. Everybody except this little group has written to their Congressmen asking for a transfer. And, ha ha, you men are the only ones to get a transfer."

The whites of McCoy's eyes were showing.

"Wonderful deal for your men, McCoy. Look here. Sgt. Thompson gets to go to electronics school. Wonderful!"

"Thompson. Yes. I remember him well, poor fellow."

"Isn't he here?" asked the colonel,



a mistaken identity."

"Gad," said the man. "You've learned to speak English!"

"My name is Samos," said McCoy, coldly. "And this guy with me that I've never saw before, his name is George Trottis."

At this the hearty character burst into loud horse-laughter. "O.K., McCoy. We'll see you at the All-Navy."

Coach McCoy was really shaken. "That was the scout from Camp Le-Swamp," he told me.

Whitey had a similar experience. A man offered him a good job at El Trauma. "He said he'd make me a calendar changer," Whitey told us. "All I'd have to do is change calendars in the CO's office."

"Men," said Coach McCoy, "from now on it's war. They'll do anything to break up our ball club and git you men transferred."

About that time the colonel came busting in on our practice session. "Great news, men," he chortled. "Lieut. McCoy, take a look at this!" He flourished a sheaf of papers under our coach's nose.

McCoy turned pale.

looking hard at me.

"He's dead," said McCoy. "These other men here, Colonel. They went psycho. One joined the Army. This one disappeared on a 48 hour pass and was last seen in Oshkosh, Wis. And, and . . ."

"McCoy," said the colonel. "Let go of my leg. These men are on the muster roll."

McCoy's eyes widened. He smiled. "Colonel," he said, "Will you kindly examine that bulkhead for a moment?"

The colonel examined the bulkhead. At that McCoy came over to me,

shook my hand, adjusted my head a little and then tried to knock it off my shoulders. I wound up halfway across the room flat on my back. From far away I heard a voice. The colonel was bellowing "Lieutenant, did you clobber this man?"

"You might say I was a suspect, Colonel," admitted McCoy, blowing on his knuckles.

Gad, the noise a colonel can make in a gymnasium. The upshot of it was that the colonel had to hold Lieut. McCoy pending trial. And as all the team were material witnesses they could not be transferred.

"You men have missed a chance to better yourselves," snapped the colonel, wiping his nose dramatically. "These very healthful and educational billets will go to some worthy and ailing Marines of our outfit. Good day!"

The colonel transferred five men who had just come out of the trotts

of hungry Marine coaches from bigger bases, McCoy used the same techniques perfected by his grandfather, "Moonshine" McCoy. "Hiding a ball club shouldn't be no harder than hidin' a still," said the coach.

He changed our names and our spec numbers and fixed up orders for us to be away from the base. One week we lived in an abandoned mine shaft. That's when we were really closed in upon, deluged with transfer orders, just before the All-Navy.

Now McCoy had a fighting heart, and it's a good thing. Because the most terrible thing that can happen to a coach happened to him. We were all set to play SwabPac for the championship. We could never prove intent to sabotage. We couldn't pin a thing on anybody. I guess it was just a tragic accident. Somebody put us aboard the wrong plane. It looked like the right plane. But instead of going due West,

College. We found out later that one of McCoy's old enemies was coaching there, which made it kind of a grudge match. We booked all the big service teams but our first four games were with smaller outfits. State colleges and universities.

"Men," said Lieut. McCoy. "This year we'll try a different tack. I want you men to see how close you can make these here games. Let the other team do anything they want to in the first half."

"You mean for us to lay down, Coach?"

"That would be undignified," said McCoy. "Howsomever, I don't reckon it would do no harm to sit down on the floor, tired like. Tell you what, you boys play like you got catfever or something."

And that's what we did with P. U. Poly-tech. We took turns getting the crimps. At the end of the first half the score was 61 to 4 in P. U.'s favor, and the coach gave us a packet of hell.

"When they make a basket," he ordered. "You make a basket!"

So the third quarter we played that way. P. U. made five field goals and we made five. Score 71 to 14, P.U.'s favor.

"Men," said McCoy. "That ain't exactly what I had in mind. Not that I am accusing you houn-dawgs of being morons, idiots, eight-balls, and dehydrated deck apes—no, siree. I want you to beat this outfit by two points!"

Well, we had a whole quarter to do it in. We were only 57 points behind. Something went wrong, however.

After the game, McCoy chewed us out unmercifully.

"Plague take it!" he howled. "I tell you to beat 'em by two points. An' what do you mangy polecats do? You haul off and beat 'em by 15!"

So we were very careful in our next game. Using the McCoy system of bouncing the ball a little, passing it a little, and putting the ball in the basket, places an awful strain on a team. It's almost impossible to play a close game. We tried shutting our eyes, but the ball kept going in the basket.

"It's my own fault," said McCoy resignedly when we beat the Big Ten Champs by 20 points. "I should ought to of taught you how to miss 'em."

Which brought us right up to the toughest game Bagle ever played. The big game with State Sub-Normal College. Gloom came over our squad when our scout gave us the word on Sub-Normal. "They got absolutely nothing," said our scout. "Fellas they got one guy on the team that cain't even pass the ball. That's Bejrk, who was the All American goal kicker on their football team. I reckon they put



During practice the midget dribbled in and out between their legs

ward of sick bay. (It has been reported by reliable sources that the coach of Camp Quagmire, when he received these sad sacks, had a two-week running fit).

Coach McCoy would do anything to keep our team together. He explained to me that no sacrifice was too great.

"Even my two front teeth, Coach?"

"My boy," said Coach McCoy fondly. "Where I come from a man cain't spit right 'till he gits his teeth knocked out!"

Coach McCoy was a Tennessee boy. In protecting his team from the ravages

we wound up on an unexplored mountain peak in Guatemala. By the time we got back to the States the All-Navy series was over.

McCoy came back. He held our team together all through the summer, hiding the men, brigging them if necessary, anything to keep the Bagle Ball Hawks in one piece. He changed our names half a dozen times. He was really a fighter.

The showing we'd made last year earned us a better schedule. Not many people could understand why McCoy insisted on scheduling Sub-Normal

HARDWOOD HEADACHE (cont.)

him on the basketball court just outa respect for his football record. Then they got a midget. Their coach must be crazy putting a midget on a basketball team. And last of all they got a guy named Smallbore that's only got one arm. I tell you it's pitiful."

McCoy tried to cheer us up. "I know it's tough fellas. You do the best you know how. If you got to beat 'em 200 to 0, why I guess you gotta. Howsomever, they is one ray of sunshine in this miserable set-up. I got a sneaky suspicion that the officials will kind of favor Sub-Normal. As you know the coach at Sub-Normal is my old enemy "Brass" Hatfield. By a strange coincidence the referees names is Hatfield, too!"

We stopped worrying then. But it kind of made us restless to see the sporting element around the camp, with

rumor that George Bullcrop the gambler is in town."

We eyed each other narrowly. Everyone had heard of Benny Bet-a-million Bullcrop. Well, this was his brother, George, who was a real plunger.

"I don't care if George Bullcrop would walk in right now," said McCoy, "with thousand dollar bills sticking outa his ears, I wouldn't . . ."

At that moment the door opened and a small man four feet in diameter oozed through. He didn't say a word. He just pulled out a wad of bills and stuck them in his ears. "Well, gentlemen," he said.

No one was injured in the fight to throw him out . . .

So the night of the Sub-Normal game found the entire camp in an uproar. McCoy was in fine spirits. We were in fine spirits. Of course there were two or three black sedans that followed our bus very closely. We assumed this was Bullcrop's escort. We had to laugh every time we thought about that fat old rascal trying to get us to bet. "Ha,

elbow. Snooper Brannis of San Diablo smirked at him.

"Howdy McCoy," said Snoo. "Hear you got a ball club?"

"Yeah. You just happened to come 3000 miles for a look."

"Why, shore," said Snoo.

McCoy broke away and herded us into the fieldhouse.

"Men," he said. "We're in a tough spot. I want you to win, naturally. But I want you to look like a bunch of paper-hangers, too!"

We warmed up on the floor taking turns missing the basket. We looked awful. McCoy smiled approvingly at us from the bench.

Then Sub-Normal took the floor. We had to laugh at the midget. He didn't try to shoot. He just dribbled while the other boys practiced, in and out between their legs.

McCoy's smile faded.

Bzrk came on the floor and the crowd cheered. One of his team-mates bent over, snapped the ball back to him, and Bzrk kicked it the length of the floor. It missed the basket, bouncing off the rim.

McCoy began to frown.

And then the crowd went wild. The one armed man had come out, and Coach Hatfield attached his artificial arm. "Oh, no," groaned McCoy. "That's illegal." He ran over to confer with the officials. Coach Hatfield introduced them. "This is my brother Cooney Hatfield, and my cousin Lepidas Hatfield. They'd shake hands only it ain't allowed. The only way they can touch a McCoy is with their knuckles or their feet."

"About that there artificial arm," growled McCoy.

"It ain't illegal to wear a false arm in this state."

"Yeah. I agree. But how about the size of the arm. That thing drags on the deck."

"There ain't any law that says a artificial arm has to be a certain size, either," said the Hatfields. "We figure if the Sub-Normal center wants to wear a artificial arm five and a half feet long, why that's his business."

McCoy was a beaten man when he came back to our bench.

"Men," he said. "I have violated a trust. I must admit to you right now, that I have wagered a small amount on this game. I will probably face a court-martial. My career is ruined. I don't mind that, men. Just win this game for me."

"Coach," I said. "Fella players, I am unfit to be a member of this squad. I too have laid a small bet on the outcome of this contest."

At that everybody confessed. That sneaky (continued on page 58)



He stuck the money in his ears. "Well, gentleman . . ." he said

their fur-coated wives, and their huge bank accounts and their new homes and their new cars. They'd made this extra and non-taxable income by laying small wagers on our basketball team.

McCoy warned us. "No betting," he said. "It wouldn't be sporting to bet on a sure thing, nohow."

"That's right, Coach," everybody said.

"I'm warning you because they's a

ha," said everybody, looking furtively around.

We had misjudged Bullcrop, however. When we reached the campus the black sedans pulled up beside us. Longnose Lennart of Camp Quagmire stepped out of one. "Well, imagine meeting you here, McCoy," he said. "What a coincidence!"

"We got a game to play," gulped McCoy. He was seized by the port side

**NEXT MONTH—ALL-MARINE
FOOTBALL TEAM**

LEATHERNECKS' selections for the Third Annual All-Marine Football Team will appear in the February issue. Biographical sketches of the players and an analysis of their season's gridiron achievements will be included.

A gold trophy and a certificate, emblematic of All-Marine selection, will be awarded by *The Leatherneck* to each player selected for the first team. Each member picked on the second team will receive a certificate.

**Which one of the seven big
quintets will be strong enough to take
the All-Navy basketball title this year?**



OFFICIAL U.S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOS

→
Cherry Point's forward, N. Creviston,
will again strengthen the Flyers squad

BACKBOARD BULLETIN

by Sgt. Robert W. Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer

EVERYBODY gets into the Navy basketball act this season. Under the new All-Navy tournament rules, practically all hands in uniform except theater ushers and boy scouts are permitted to compete in the league. For Marine hoopsters this merely means a few more rocks on the come-back trail. It's not likely that the entry of Coast Guard squads and the participation of Soldiers and Airmen attached to Navy and Marine units will have a very harmful effect on the Marines' championship chances.

Although the season is still a pup, it looks as though all the big seven Marine posts will be well up in the contention for district and area honors. The big seven started the basketball season even in one respect—they all have new coaches. Most of the mentors have had previous experience with Marine teams but, due to the sweeping '49 transfers, they are all doing business at new stands.

Last year at Pearl Harbor a group of Sailors from Norfolk, Va., took the All-Navy basketball title from the

BACKBOARD BULLETIN (cont.)

Marines of Quantico. This year Quantico's cagers are out trying to prove it was only a short term loan.

Major A. L. Caputo is at the Quantico helm after two successful coaching years with the Lejeune varsity. Despite the fact that the veteran cagers turning up for practice this year can be listed on a postage stamp, nobody seems troubled at the Marine Corps Schools. Since their opening game with American University last November, they've tackled George Washington, Syracuse, William and Mary, Richmond and Brooklyn to date.

Cy Waldrop is in at pivot again this year. He was high scorer on the '49 squad and gave the Norfolk champs a rough time during the Pearl Harbor playoffs. "Chuck" Skinner, Bill Jesse and Ted Tintor, veterans all, are siding the Quantico ace.

The Flying Bulls are making a stab for their third consecutive West Coast All-Navy title this year. With Captain Jim Tuma transferred to Cherry Point and a lot of other El Toro aces scattered, this is going to be a long way from a cinch. Coaches Don Conroy and John Sullivan are hopeful that the quintet, reinforced by what remains of the '49 squad, will come up to previous standards.

As usual they're using the Tuma style fast-break. Doug Majjala, John Alexander, Bob Spier, Floyd Bos, Jack Kenneville, Bill Anderson and big Joe Falk constitute the corps of veterans around which the present team is built. New additions, George Hitz and Albert Cruz, have added strength to the squad. Hitz, 19-year old Lincoln, Neb., speedster, is a slippery ball handler and specializes on layup shots. Guard Al Cruz spent two years on the varsity of the Ewa Fliers and has a total of five years experience on the courts.

At the San Diego Recruit Depot no one is making irrational promises, but practically all the boys who almost edged El Toro last year are back in uniform again. At the time this was written, Master Sergeant Spence Gartz, ex-Leatherneck sports editor, was masterminding the casaba* maneuvers there and his smug silence on team prospects is a sure indication that he has a good team.

Last season the Recruit Depot walked

* Webster defines "casaba" as, "any of several long-keeping winter melons, having a yellow rind and sweet flesh." Several decades ago a sports writer in Fallen Timber Junction, Pa., used the word to describe the common basketball, possibly because last-place coaches have a tendency to eat the thing at the end of the season.



Don Conroy, who starred for El Toro's Flying Bulls in 1946, is handling a double assignment for the West Coast airmen this season—he's both player and coach

off with the YMCA Armed Forces Basketball Tournament championship and they're defending it this year. The loss of Delbert "Dutch" Hintz mainstay of the '49 squad is considerably offset by the return of top-hands Garry "Hook" Filbert, Lute Schackelford, Jim McDowell, "Skip" Jones and Kieth James to the first team. Phil Hendricks and Jim McVey, both a shade on the short side, are seeing plenty of action too. What they lack in length they make up in flashy ball handling and skillful one-hand shots. Whether these vets can overpower the tough Navy teams in the 11th Naval District is a question which will not be fully answered until next month.

Camp Pendleton is fielding a team with their heads in the clouds. Center Dick Hirst, 6'5", is playing his first year with the Penites. In the timber-topping class is one 6'4" candidate and four others who stand just one inch below that. Coach A. M. Zimmer, Pendleton's latest mentor, is depending on a squad made up almost entirely of newcomers to hoist the Pendleton col-

ors in the 11th Naval District League. On the present squad are forwards Carl Smith, Harold Burman, Michael Jurnash, Dave Horn, Evan Parsaghatian and Bill Edler. Edler is the only team member with collegiate experience. At center are Dick Hirst, Harry Todd, Paul Underwood, Bob Wos, Laurie Puvagal and Huey Bayles. Jerry Leifheit, John Boden from last year's team, Pat Cumiskey, John Cahill, Joe Senko, Andrew Jakusy, Bob Ashoff, Gene Gagnon and Lawrence Slesky will fill the guard positions.

Back in the Atlantic area, Cherry Point has developed the finest hardwood squad there since the war. Coach Jim Tuma is at the North Carolina Air Station after two great seasons at El Toro. Captain Ed Reed, another top bracket round-baller and former El Toro star, is assisting Tuma in getting the Pointers basketball machine rolling.

Center Bob Ford and forward Norm Creston are the only two lettermen around the Point this season, but Tuma had a three-platoon turnout for

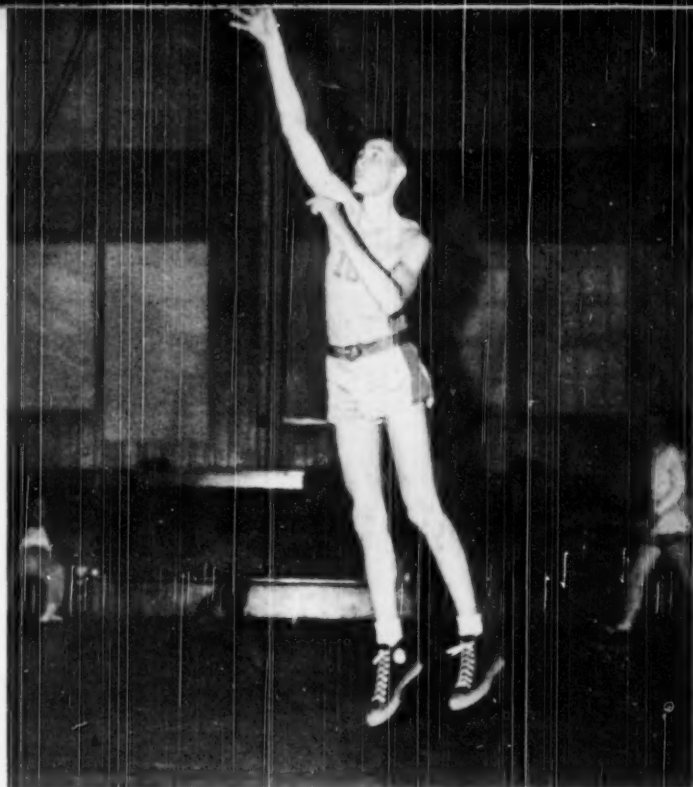
the first practice and there were plenty of cage experts from which to choose. Outstanding newcomer, William E. Roley, ex-professional and collegiate star, is starting at guard.

A 36-game schedule is planned for this Marine five. They will use a revolving offense and man-to-man defense. Most of the games are with teams on the East coast, although last month they made a flying trip to Bermuda for a two-game series with the Navy team there.

Camp Lejeune is another Bermuda-bound team this season. They're playing the Navy in two games there this month. Coach Bolish with a 28-game schedule, including Citadel, Elon College and Presbyterian, is sure to feel the loss of "Whiz" Bishop, flashy forward who was discharged last October. During regular season play last year he scored a total of 558 points.

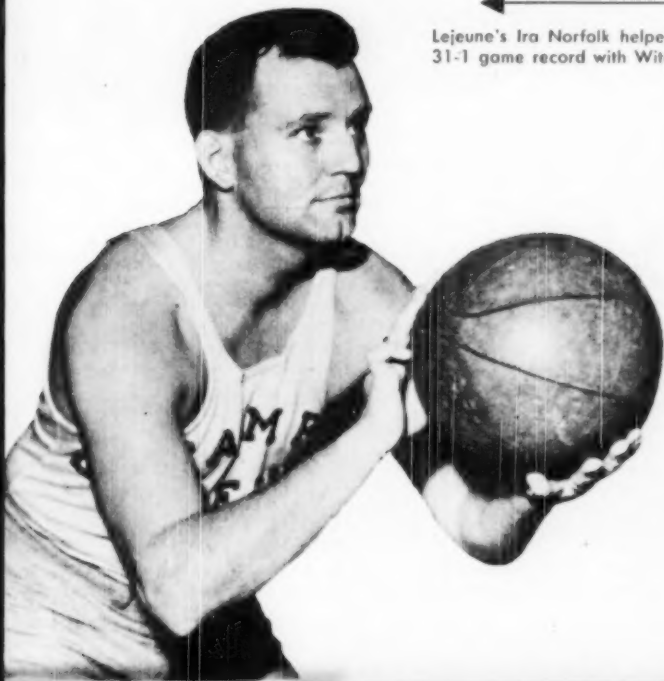
Starting last October with 47 hopefuls, Major Bolish has molded a strong team, a specialty of the Lejeune Coach. At college he majored in Physical Education while playing on the Ohio State University football and basketball teams. Before the war he was director of athletics at Beaver High School in Beaver, Ohio.

Prospects look good for the Parris Islanders—so far. Jack Robbins, Parris Island's new coach, played four years with the Naval Academy and was a forward on the Quantico squad last season. Dick Merket, a rangy 6'2"



Parris Island's prospects for 1950 aren't bad, according to local experts. Lanky, 6 foot 7, Leo Commiskey, looks good in his first season with the squad

Lejeune's Ira Norfolk helped set up a 31-1 game record with Witek in 1948



center, scored a total of 265 points for PI last year and is back in uniform along with star forward Jerry Peters. Peters is the team's one hand push-shot expert. Although he measures only 5'7" his deadly aim made him high-scorer for the Islanders in '49. Forward Ray Mills can pick rebounds off the board with the ease of a DI counting cadence. His skill accounted for 234 points last year. Coach Robbins is using these men as the keystone for this year's quintet.

One-third of the season has passed and Marine championship hopes are still soaring. You can take your pick of all the teams for the All-Navy finals, any one of the big seven could do it, but they'll be facing pretty fast competition enroute. Norfolk's champions have the same lineup that won for the Sailors last year and the big Pac teams, Air, Sub and Des, cast a heavy shadow on the hoop picture in the Pacific. Still the Marines haven't missed the finals in three years and there is not much doubt that one of the seven Marine quintets will be making the trip to Norfolk March 12th for the All-Navy tournament. **END**

by Sgt. George Burlage

Leatherneck Staff Writer

PORT Lyautey, disguised during the war under a code name and held in strict secrecy, received little publicity for the important role it played in the Allied conquest of Morocco. Even today few people have heard the name or know about the large air terminal of the Military Air Transport Service which serves as the gateway to the Mediterranean area and Europe.

U. S. Naval Air Activities, Port Lyautey, French Morocco, is located beyond the border of the town which gives it its name. The administration of the base is carried out jointly by the American and French naval commands. Maintenance is done by 700 sailors of both the American and French Navies and the internal security rests in the capable hands of the 36-man Marine Detachment.

Marines arrived late at this vast stretch of semi-arid land in northwest Africa. In its early times it was conquered by the Caesars; later it was ruled by the Moors; and finally it was colonized by the French at the turn of the century. After the fall of France, at the beginning of the last war, the Vichy government ran it for the Germans until the morning of November 8, 1942, when the Allies put their words and promises into action. A short time later the neighboring city of Casablanca



A tour of the old Roman fortress near Rabat is a must on the agenda of liberty parties in Morocco. Arabs are living now where Caesar's legionnaires billeted

OFFICIAL U.S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOS

POSTS OF
PORT



This is not the Lone Ranger. It's Pfc Harold J. Adams, from Glendale, N.Y., doing his four-hour guard tour the easy way.

Marines can take horses or leave them alone, but all Arabs are serious about horses; their high ambition is to own one



The main gate at the Naval Activities. Sgt. Joseph V. Vismont, Hartford, Conn., checks Marines and native workmen. The natives earn about three cents a day

THE CORPS LYAUTEY

made world headlines when the leaders of the Allied nations met there to plan future action against the enemy.

Marines had not been in Africa since the days when Lieutenant O'Bannon and his handful of Marines and mercenaries taught the Tripolines that it wasn't nice to conduct acts of piracy, but the new detachment settled down contentedly soon after its activation in March, 1948. The Marines, presently commanded by Captain John K. Hogan, are busy with duties consisting of routine guard and security watches, fire patrols, and a mounted horse patrol of the fuel storage area. Training schedules and drill periods fill the remainder of the work day.

Life in this ancient land lacks many of the conveniences of home. The living quarters include quonset huts, outside heads and showers, and a doubtful water supply. The Navy maintains the

mess which provides a very coarse menu because supply ships do not carry fresh milk, vegetables or meats.

Contrary to ordinary belief, Morocco does not have the sweltering, burning climate which is so often associated with thoughts of Africa. Temperatures range from a low of 40 degrees to a high of 90 degrees. Most of the days are pleasant, and greens, the uniform of the day, are comfortable after sunset. Two blankets are recommended at night for protection against the chilling wind which blows in from the ocean and the snow-capped Atlas mountains to the southeast.

Modern transport planes contrast oddly with the background of the ancient and near medieval civilization which encircles the base. The first liberty may enchant, frighten, or disgust the newcomer to this area. It is a strange world, very different from the



If you like the bizarre
you might find this
port a place of high
adventure and revelry

Christian world or the Orient. The cities are filthy and overrun with beggars, vendors, and black marketeers. The surrounding countryside compares with typical Biblical pastoral scenes with Arabs in native garb tending their small herds of sheep.

Nearby Rabat is the capital city. Its European section and old native quarter contrast vividly. Sightseeing and souvenir hunting are the main attractions there. The old city, surrounded by the wall built for its protection under the rule of the Caesars, is the squalid home of the native population of Arabic, Moorish and Negroid parentage. Although the American Army maintained a camp there during the war, the Yankee GIs left little impression on the backward natives other than the ability to say, "Gimme money, gimme cigarette," and an occasional commercialized, "Shoe shine, Joe?"



In Medina, the native part of Rabat, two men from the NAA Marine Detachment look for a bargain in one of the local pottery works. The crackery is handmade



On Friday mornings a colorful display of pageantry is exhibited as the Sultan, the native ruler under the control of the French governor, rides to worship. He has a household of wives and servants plus a personal body guard and honor guard. Upon leaving the palace grounds to go to church he is announced by a fanfare of trumpets as he makes his exit in a scarlet coach drawn by two horses. His colorful foot and mounted troops, wearing scarlet uniforms of Arabic design and armed with lances, accompany him. An audience of listless natives and eager tourists usually witness this event while a dirty, but picturesque, water boy with a goat-skin bag and clanging copper cups does a thriving business with the thirsty natives.

Traditionally, the social position among the Arab men is based on the ownership of a saddle horse. Few ever achieve this life-long ambition. Living standards are very low on the eight francs a day which is paid to the lowest workers. Converted into hard American cash this would be less than three cents.

The Mohammedan religion predominates but the population is sprinkled with Jews and Europeans. These Europeans

Beggars and sultans, mystery and intrigue

still occupy the superior positions characterized by European colonization policies which have always held the natives in subservience. The lack of machinery and the abundance of locusts have kept agriculture primitive and unprofitable so the natives have turned to making rugs, leathergoods and curios. The street vendors are walking stores with a stock of everything from junk jewelry to beautifully woven carpets. Although they have never attended school they know the value of money and seldom lose a sale, even if it takes days of bartering to complete it. Language is no barrier for they are almost as proficient in Spanish, English, French, Jewish, and sometimes German, as they are in their native Arabic. This linguistic versatility is a necessity for the streets are crowded with well dressed Europeans. Jews in their robes and skull caps and Arabs in their robes and turbans or colored short trousers and fezzes. The women cling to their old custom of wearing robes and veils.

Liberties for the Marines follow a limited pattern in the two cities of Port Lyautey and Rabat, but literally speak-



Pfc Harry E. Walton, Corp. Ralph Reeves and Pfc Glen Edwards rode 20 miles to inspect the Sultan's palace. The Sultan, a big wheel, is a man of many wives

color the sights in the Moroccan capital

ing the men are never on the water wagon, the water off the base is declared too contaminated to drink. Usually the main thing on schedule is a good meal and then an evening at the enlisted club where they have a good bar, dance floor, and tables for the women guests. A full five or six course dinner of choice meats or fish, expertly cooked and served costs less than a dollar. This meal includes the wines which are an important part of every French meal. The local beer has been called "lousy" but it doesn't taste too bad after the first three or four. However, Stateside liquors and beer are sold in the club.

After a year of duty here many of the men are hopeful for a transfer to some other post to complete their two years of foreign duty. Marines believe that half a year of Port Lyautey duty is interesting but after that it's just a good place to save money. But all of the men stationed there will admit that its more than just routine duty—it's adventure!

END



Marines and natives gather to watch one of the big events in Rabat. The Sultan, with his brilliantly dressed guards, puts on a show when he leaves his palace



The native spots may have a certain exotic interest for visiting American servicemen, but the place where most of

the resident Marines spend their time is the Enlisted Club. It has a dance hall, stag bar and tables for escorted ladies

KNOW YOUR LEADERS

BY SGT. WILLIAM MORRIS

Leatherneck Staff Writer



Major General William T. Clement

MAJOR General William T. Clement, former Director, Marine Reserve, recently took command of the San Diego Recruit Depot where new Marines now benefit from the general's 32 years of Marine Corps service.

His Corps career ranges from the famed "Banana Wars" through the last world conflict to his present command. The preamble of his World War II service, which saw this veteran officer overseas at its beginning and at the end, began at the Virginia Military Institute in 1917. Three years after his graduation from VMI, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps.

One month later he joined the Second Marine Regiment to help rid Haiti of marauding bandits. From that duty he was ordered to Quantico and later to China where he served in the American Legation detachment at Peking.

The Fourth Regiment, which was destined to be called the "China Outfit", was based at San Diego when he was ordered back to the United States in 1926. Gen. Clement joined the Fourth as adjutant after his return Stateside. He was on duty with the regiment only a short while when a series of mail train robberies swept the country. He took charge of a company at Denver, Col., for mail guard duty. The following year, in 1927, he rejoined the Fourth and sailed for Shanghai. Later,

he returned to San Diego where he became executive officer of the Recruit Depot.

This duty was followed by a sea-going stint aboard the USS *West Virginia* in 1930. He was commanding officer of the Marine Detachment. Then he was stationed at the Naval Ammunition Depot on Washington's Puget Sound. From 1934 until 1940, he was on duty at Quantico, Va. During the first year he attended the Senior Course at Marine Corps School which prepared him for a later role as battalion commander in the Fifth Regiment.

When the war clouds began gathering on the horizon Gen. Clement was ordered to the staff of the Commander in Chief of the Asiatic Fleet.

Then came the war. He participated in the early defense of the Philippines, serving at Bataan and Corregidor until ordered to leave aboard the submarine USS *Snapper*. He returned to the United States and was presented the Navy Cross for his work in the Philippines.

After staff duty with the Commander of the U.S. Naval Forces in Europe in 1942, service during 1943 as Assistant Commandant and later as Commandant of Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va., he went overseas again. He joined the

Sixth Marine Division in November, 1944, as Assistant Division Commander and participated in the Okinawa operation.

His Legion of Merit citation for service on Okinawa reads, "... During the conduct of the assault phase, he, with complete disregard for his own safety, repeatedly visited the assault elements of the division to familiarize himself with the tactical situation ..."

After the Japanese surrender, Gen. Clement became Commanding General of the Fleet Landing Force of the Yokosuka (Tokyo Bay) Occupation Force and effected the first landing on the Japanese homeland. He also took part in the Northern China Occupation.

When the Sixth Marine Division was redesignated the Third Marine Brigade, he became its Commanding General, and was later named Commanding General of the Marine Force, Tsingtao area.

Following his return to the United States in September, 1946, he was named President of the Naval Retirement Board, and later became Director of Marine Reserve.

Among his decorations are the Navy Cross, Legion of Merit with one Gold Star and one Oak Leaf Cluster, and the Bronze Star Medal.

END

LEAGUE LANDS IN MASS.

Highlights of the national Marine Corps

League convention in Boston



Photos by Louis Lowery

Leatherneck Photographic Director

A realistic amphibious landing, staged by Camp Lejeune's Second Marine Division, reinforced



Second Marine Division landing team parading down Beacon Street in honor of the Marine Corps League delegates

by Sgt. William Milhon

Leatherneck Staff Writer

CONVENTIONS follow a pattern. They differ only in noise, names, and noble purposes. In Boston from September 26th through October 1st, with a minimum of noise and big names, and an avowed purpose to "preserve the traditions and promote the interests of the United States Marine Corps", some 2000 people converged for the 26th annual Marine Corps League Convention.

TURN PAGE



Boston said it with flowers, in Marine Corps League colors, planted in Copley Square across from MCL headquarters

LEAGUE (cont.)

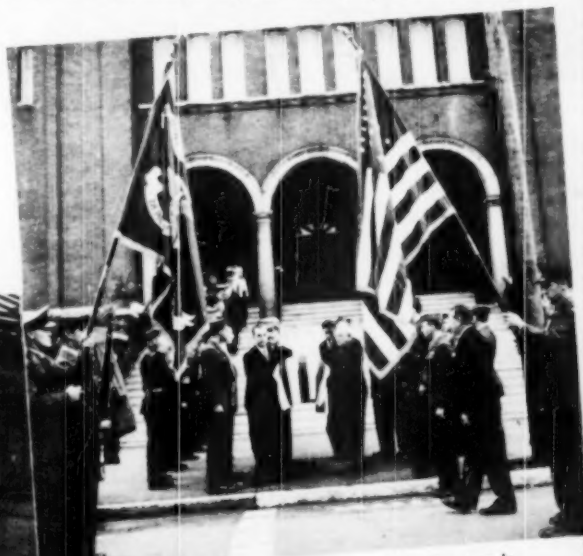
Armed with keys to the city presented by then Mayor James M. Curley, the Leaguers sacked in at the Copley Plaza Hotel. Their hard-working auxiliary, made up of wives, mothers and sisters of Marines and former Marines, established headquarters at the Hotel Touraine and the week of band concerts, banquets, balls, parades, and business meetings was officially begun.

The chairman was armed with one of the biggest gavels ever made. The subject causing the greatest uproar was Unification. Eventually the delegates installed a Committee for Unification Study; it's purpose—to provide constructive rebuttal should a move be made to abolish the Marine Corps!

The Marine Corps League has been in business as a National all-Marine organization since June 6, 1923. It is definitely not a rich man's club. It has nine purposes designed to promote Marine Corps interests. Number eight, for instance, is voluntarily to aid and to render assistance to all Marines, civilian and uniformed, as well as to their widows and orphans. Needless to say, these high aims do not prevent the Leaguers from having fun. Within the League is a select fraternity called the Devil Dogs. The ambition of every Marine Corps Leaguer is to become a Devil Dog. They were the life of the convention and the bane of house detectives. Considering the fact that Devil Dogs are dedicated to horse-play



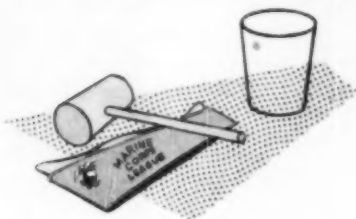
Keys to the City of Boston fit no locks but make handsome souvenirs. The Chief Devil Dog, Joseph Probst, Chicago, accepts key from then Mayor James Curley



One of the functions of the League is to insure military funerals for Marines



In Mahoney Square, across from Hotel Touraine, Auxiliary Headquarters, distaff Leaguers pursue their aim: to promote and publicize the Marine Corps League





Massed colors of detachments passing the governor's reviewing stand in front of the Massachusetts State House



Dignitaries in the governor's reviewing stand were government officials, high ranking Marine Corps officers and MC Leaguers



Violating all existing child-labor laws, Raymond A. Hubbard, age three, helps a mounted cop with the parade traffic

and high-jinks, they behaved pretty well.

The Dog's days were supervised by the National Chief Dog, John E. Probst. An official Devil Dog wagon was escorted through the staid streets of Boston by two motorcycle patrolmen. Several hotel lobbies were thrown into a state of near panic, a solemn group of D.D.'s marched in with a coffin containing a "pup" dressed as Frankenstein's monster. About 200 pups were initiated during the convention. The initiation ceremonies took 12 hours, and were closed to the public, which is just as well.

There was much speech making, of course. Prominent among the visiting notables who addressed the delegates were: Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps, General O. P. Smith, and the Administrator of Veterans Affairs, Carl R. Gray, Jr.

Important personalities at the convention were the National Convention president, John E. Van Dewoude, Theus J. McQueen '48-'49 commandant of the League, and Father M. A. Halley, retired Navy chaplain, and the best loved character of the whole convention. (Halley enlisted as a private in 1918



Buddies meet in Boston. Robert L. Hanna, Father Halley (the National Chaplain) and Robert M. Cheadle swap stories of their first duty together: Cuba in 1940

DEVIL DOGS & PUPS LEAGUE (cont.) Register Here



Art Burger, new Chief Devil Dog, tries Betty J. Money of San Francisco for size. These sweaters were sold to the "pups"



Eager pups go through preliminary initiation in the lobby of the Copley Plaza. The rugged induction rites lasted 12 hours

with the Fifth Marines. After the war he became a priest, was commissioned a chaplain USN and assigned to the Marine Corps. He made the first invasion in the South Pacific with the First Division.)

Jerry Cannon, another Leaguer who shuns publicity and does a great deal of good, is the National Rehabilitation Officer of the Marine Corps League. It's his job to see that disabled Marine vets get the breaks coming to them. He travels throughout the States, helping former Marines with their problems.

Members of the League take their conventions very seriously. One family,

Mr. Arthur Sealey, his wife and two year old son, drove through from California to attend.

The Marine Corps Schools' band came from Quantico to take part. And the Second Division Marines from Camp Lejeune came to Boston to perform a realistic amphibious landing at Carson Beach, Old Harbor Bay in South Boston.

The Bostonians were very hospitable. Especially the local girls who attended the fabulously successful Convention Ball.

A parade two miles in length climaxed the be-leaguered week. Almost

every outfit that could walk took part in it: Second Divvy Marines, platoons from nearby Army camps, a platoon from the USS *Kearsarge*, men from M. B. Boston and Reserve detachments, a platoon from Coast Guard cutter USS *Bib*, National Guard units, Veterans Organizations, a high school band, the flashy Drum and Bugle Corps from Montour Falls detachment MCL and the local Fire Department Band. A very fine parade indeed.

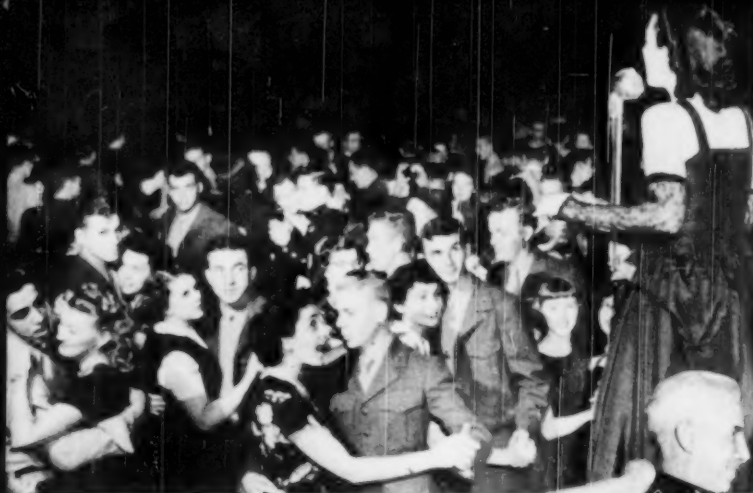
The election of officers for '49-'50 was effected without casualties.

Mr. Clay Nixon, a practicing lawyer in Seattle, became the new commandant. Nixon enlisted in the Marine Corps as a private in 1942. He made Pfc, and later was commissioned. He served as legal officer in Headquarters, Second Marine Division overseas. In his colorful career he has spent six years aboard merchant ships prior to



Beating the drum for Reno in 1951 are convention site campaigners Ed Hosea and "Cam" Mottino, Reno delegates





The convention ball, thrown at a nearby armory, drew Leaguers, hospitable Boston girls, and regular Marines

Gen O. P. Smith, Ass't Commandant of the Marine Corps, congratulates the League's new commandant, Clay Nixon



his college days at University of Washington where he was inter-collegiate light heavyweight boxing champion.

The new National commandant of the Auxiliary is Helen Rogers. The auxiliary's main purpose is to promote and publicize the Marine Corps League. They did a fine job in Boston.

Everyone was pleased with the growth of the League during the past year. In 24 States 74 new detachments had been formed. Everyone is looking forward to the 1950 convention which will be held in the Nation's Capital on the 175th birthday of the United States Marine Corps. **END**



After a riotous week of parades, dances, bull and business sessions the 26th national Marine Corps League convention

closed with a farewell banquet in the Copley Plaza ballroom. Between adieus everyone made plans to meet in D.C. in 1950

WE- THE MARINES

HOUSTON—Marines, Jesse Altman, Milt Offenbach and Tom Aspen honor Violet Foster (Miss Semper Fi of '49) with ceremonial bath in a Texas pool

Reserves Meet

Delegates to the recent National Convention of the Marine Corps Reserve Officers Association, in Philadelphia, demanded in a resolution that the Commandant of the Marine Corps be made a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and have a voice in all matters pertaining to amphibious warfare.

Colonel Melvin J. Maas, president of the association, told convention members the failure of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to consult the Commandant on amphibious matters was "not only tragic, but criminal." Col. Maas condemned present planning which he charged was being accomplished "without the counsel of those who have made amphibious warfare their life-time skill." He reminded listeners that Marines pioneered and perfected amphibious operations, and predicted that any future war would entail assault landings on enemy shores.

In an address before a convention banquet gathering, General Clifton B. Cates, Commandant of the Marine Corps, reaffirmed the testimony he gave recently before the Armed Services Committee of the House of Representatives. He reiterated his charge that the Army General Staff is bent on preventing appreciable expansion of Marine Forces in time of war.

The Commandant closed his address by again stating that the Marine Corps' "only desire now is to be protected in its right to fight again in the wars of the United States."

At the banquet, Col. Maas read messages to the convention from President Harry S. Truman; Secretary of Defense



Louis Johnson; Secretary of the Navy Francis P. Matthews; and Senator Paul Douglas.

In his message, Secretary Johnson assured delegates that it was "the determination of the Department of Defense to maintain a Marine Corps worthy of the proud tradition" that the Marine Corps Reserve Officer Association perpetuates.

Air Force Commission

Pilots at El Toro were thrown into a turmoil recently when an important looking envelope addressed to Second Lieutenant J. T. Badger and containing a second lieutenant's commission in the Air Force was dropped into their midst. The only Lieutenant Badger to be found

at El Toro was a first lieutenant of good standing in Marine Fighting Squadron 312.

The misunderstanding was squared away when it was discovered that Lieut. Badger's wife, Jerrie, was a former Wasp and had ferried fighter planes for the Army Air Corps during the war. It turned out that the commission was meant for her and not for her husband.

Mrs. Lieutenant Badger logged over 1000 hours in the air after graduating from Avenger Air Field in Sweetwater, Tex. She was stationed at Aloe Field, Victoria, Tex., during the late war years.

Marine Badger says there will be no inter-service complications—he outranks the Air Force Badger.

Sign Language

During the occupation duty following World War II, Marines stationed at Kuming, China, were entertained by the determined efforts of the Chinese to learn English. The Chinese enjoyed every possible opportunity to show off their knowledge of a new language.



One young Chinaman was assigned to carry messages for some of the American personnel. One day his duties took him to see a certain general in the area. When the Chinese approached the general's office he noticed and proudly read to himself the words on a sign which hung on the door. He knocked and when the door was opened, the beaming Oriental greeted the general with a courtly bow and said: "Good morning, General Wet Paint."

Submitted by Charles V. Mathis
Wildwood-by-the-Sea, N.J.



IN SOLID—President Truman accepts a gold membership card from top Marine Corps Leaguers M. J. Fagan, J. Moreau, Clay Nixon, D. Graybill, and Oliver Onion

TURN PAGE



Peace It's Wonderful!

Captain Earl J. Wilson, USMCR, one of *Leatherneck's* regular contributors, recently returned from the Orient with a story of the tame life of a civilian.

Wilson, who went to China in 1947 as assistant public affairs officer for the U.S. Information Service, sailed aboard a freighter. A member of the crew was found stabbed to death. A suspect was seized but everyone on board feared that a homicidal maniac might be loose, and slept in closed quarters, a weapon within reach.

In the China Sea the vessel ran into a typhoon, and some railroad ties, part of the deck cargo, broke loose from their lashings and bounced about the deck until the storm subsided and they could be secured.



After reaching Shanghai, Wilson was lucky enough to rate a lunatic neighbor who went berserk and smashed up the apartment house with a hammer. The Chinese Communists then advanced on Shanghai and Wilson spent a goodly portion of his time dodging bullets around the U.S. Consulate. ("Battle for Shanghai"—*Leatherneck*, Nov., 1949)

Due to the threat of the advancing Communist troops, Wilson's wife had been evacuated to Manila. While visiting her there he suffered a twisted leg when he dodged a tree which crashed on his canoe while he was shooting rapids.

It appears that Capt. Wilson should think it over and possibly ship over.

Submitted by Captain Robert A. Owens
Headquarters, Marine Corps.

Fitting Occasion

The old service joke that clothing comes in two sizes—too large and too small—has proved to be true for two El Toro Marines.

The smallest and the tallest Marine at the air station have plenty of trouble getting fitted for their uniform clothing.

Five-foot two-inch Corporal John J. Valentino of San Francisco finds the standard size clothing a little lengthy for him and ends up in a session with the tailor.

Not so fortunate in finding large sizes, is his six-foot five and one-half-inch squadron mate, Sergeant Robert F. Oxley of Birmingham, Ala. All efforts to fit him with the standard size clothing result in the appearance of a man wearing a \$10 suit in a rain storm.

The only answer to the tall sergeant's



TALL TALE—As Corp J. J. Valentino is built too close to El Toro's deck and Sgt. Bob Oxley too far, clothing supply sarge R. Vasquez is the only one having a fit

trouble is a quartermaster order for special tailor-made clothing from the Philadelphia supply depot.

To add to the clothing supply people's difficulty, both men generally seem to wind up in the same squadron at once. This plague on the quartermaster started two years ago in the Hawaiian islands and little relief is expected in the near future. The tall Marine is getting bigger, having grown two inches since his enlistment three years ago, while the short one has not grown a fraction of an inch.

Somehow it seems like the short one always gets a top bunk while the high Marine draws a bottom berth. The regulation bed proves too short for the long sergeant whose excess length is either jammed in or left hanging over the end of the sack.

The trouble would have been singular instead of plural except for the persistence of Valentino and a waiver from the commandant of the Marine Corps. For nine months Valentino tried to enlist, but was turned down because he was inches under the minimum height requirements. His perseverance convinced the recruiters of his sincerity and they suggested he write the Marine Corps' Commandant requesting a height waiver. He took their advice and received the O.K. from Gen. A. A. Vandegrift, then Marine Corps Commandant. He was sworn into Corps July 11, 1946.

Valentino is a secretary in the inspector's office of the First Marine Aircraft Wing. Sgt. Oxley holds down the job of special services clerk in the Wing's headquarters squadron.



TOURISTS—TSgt Frank Posey says life on a camel is rough. Pfc Dick Hyland takes an equine view of pyramids at Cairo



LONG SIEGE—In 1781 the British surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, Va. and residents are still celebrating annually

Light Fine

Retired Army Colonel Edmund P. Stone visited the Marine Corps Air Station at El Toro for a close-up view of the Marine jet operation and training procedures. Captain William F. Guss, runway officer, explained to the colonel that Marine Fighting Squadron 311 had initiated a practice of fining pilots for improper procedure. For example, taxiing with flaps down, landing with canopy closed or mistakes of that sort, were cause for a small fee which went into the squadron's coffee mess fund. The system of fines was designed to promote safety.

While the captain was talking, a student pilot put his TO-1 jet on the runway for a perfect landing. Everything was according to proper procedure—with one exception. The pilot had failed to turn off his landing lights. The captain noted the discrepancy in his little black book. The erring student was slated to pay 25 cents for his boner.

Shortly after the episode, Col. Stone asked to see the sleek fighters at close range. He gazed in amazement at the many knobs and needles, gauges and gee-gaws, which studded the control panel as Capt. Guss explained their function to him. He was highly impressed by the maze of instruments.

"Your pilots are expected to know what each of these knobs is for?" he asked. The captain nodded. "Well," said the colonel, thinking of the minor error made by the student pilot, "I'd like to pay that young man's fine." And he did.



Yorktown Day

There were no Marines present when Lord Cornwallis surrendered his troops

to General Washington at Yorktown, but the Marines dominated the show at the 168th anniversary celebration of the event.

The annual affair at Yorktown, Va., is held to commemorate the surrender of the British to the Allied French and American troops on October 19th, 1781.

In the 1949 celebration two platoons of Marines from the Marine Detachment, Naval Mine Depot, Yorktown, passed in review before then Secretary of the Interior J. A. Krug, and officers of the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marine Corps.

Against the background of a Marine Color Guard standing at the base of the Victory Monument, Secretary Krug addressed a gathering of more than 3500 people who had assembled for the ceremony.

Colonel Jacques De La Boisse, Military Attache of the French Embassy in Washington, attended the ceremony and brought with him the felicitations of his nation.

LEJEUNE BLADESMEN

OFFICIAL U.S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOS

by Sgt. Robert Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer

**Clashing steel is music to the ears of
the men who make up the Corps' first fencing club**

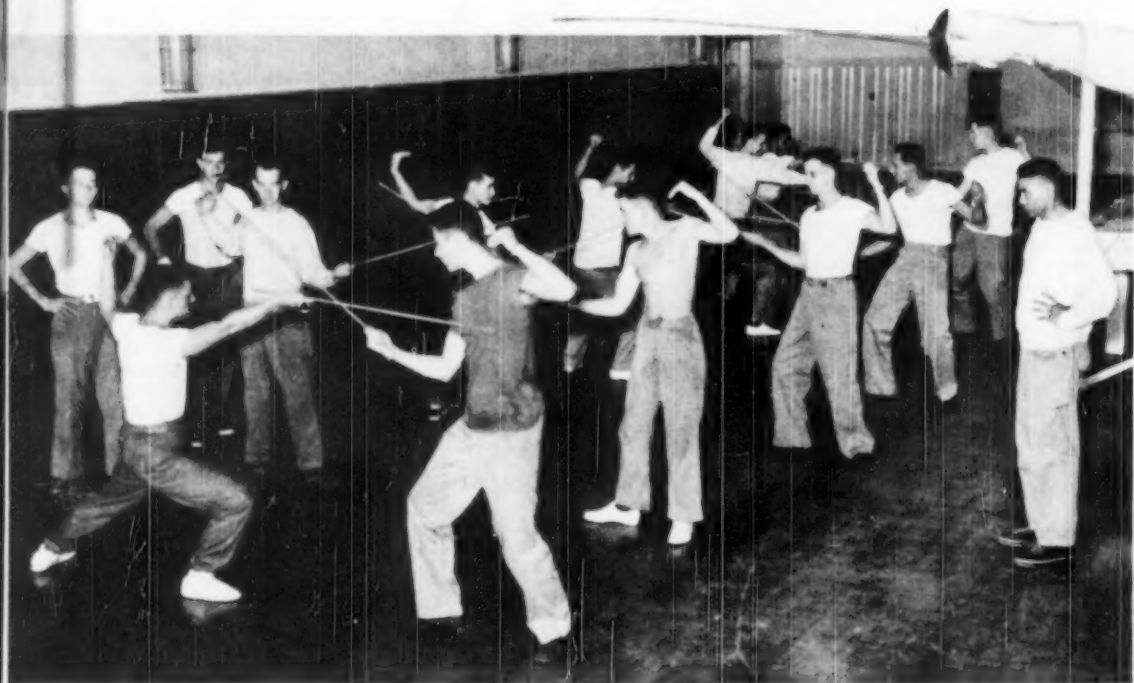
ASIDE from toting a sword around at parade formations, most Marines are not well acquainted with this type of weapon. The average Marine would certainly be regarded as a bad risk by insurance companies if he was called on to defend himself with a blade. However, a few of the men at Camp Lejeune are exceptions. Camp

Lejeune now boasts an organized fencing club.

It wasn't a cut in appropriations or a drop of ammunition allotments which caused 26 men of the Second Marine Division to draw their foils. It's all being done in the name of sport. Although gunpowder has succeeded cold steel as the prime method of settling

personal and public disputes, the sword market is still flourishing. Countless fencing clubs have existed throughout the world for the past two centuries. Thousands of devotees spend hours each month practicing with foils, rapiers and sabers.

Technical Sergeant Fred J. Keiteman, editor of the Camp Lejeune *Globe*,



Practice and skillful coaching pay off in fencing as in any other sport. Lejeune's experts and novices alike spend hours

each week on thrusting and parrying drills under direction of Willard Aitchison, at left, and Ferber Coleman, at right

watched a couple of civilians working out with foils on Onslow Beach last July and wondered why the Marine Corps couldn't have a fencing team.

He talked it over with Pfc Dick Stites, another *Globe* staffer who was acquainted with fencing, and there didn't seem to be any particular reason why a team couldn't be organized. Marines have always been noted for their intense interest in all kinds of weapons, ranging from knuckle dusters to heavy caliber guns. Keiteman and Stites knew that fencing as a sport is unequalled in the development of lightning swift coordination between mental and physical reactions. Anyone can learn to fence if they have the will to endure the hard work it takes to become expert with foils.

With this in mind, Keiteman and Stites recruited Pfc Tom Clark and the three of them started pushing the idea of a fencing club around the Camp.

Ads in the sports section of the Camp newspaper netted some excellent results.



TSgt "Ted" Groszkiewicz, coach and captain of the first team, demonstrates the correct lunge. Foil hand turned upward, left arm held behind body, left foot flat

Several experienced fencers were found in the division and, to a man, they were enthusiastic about the idea.

Lieutenant T. T. Culpepper offered to be officer in charge of the team. Pfc Gus Karacas was the first coach, and when he left on maneuvers Technical Sergeant "Ted" Groszkiewicz took over

his job. Both men are deft swordsmen. Karacas was Rhode Island fencing champion and Groszkiewicz, as a member of Brooklyn's "Polish Falcons" has had several years of training with the blades.

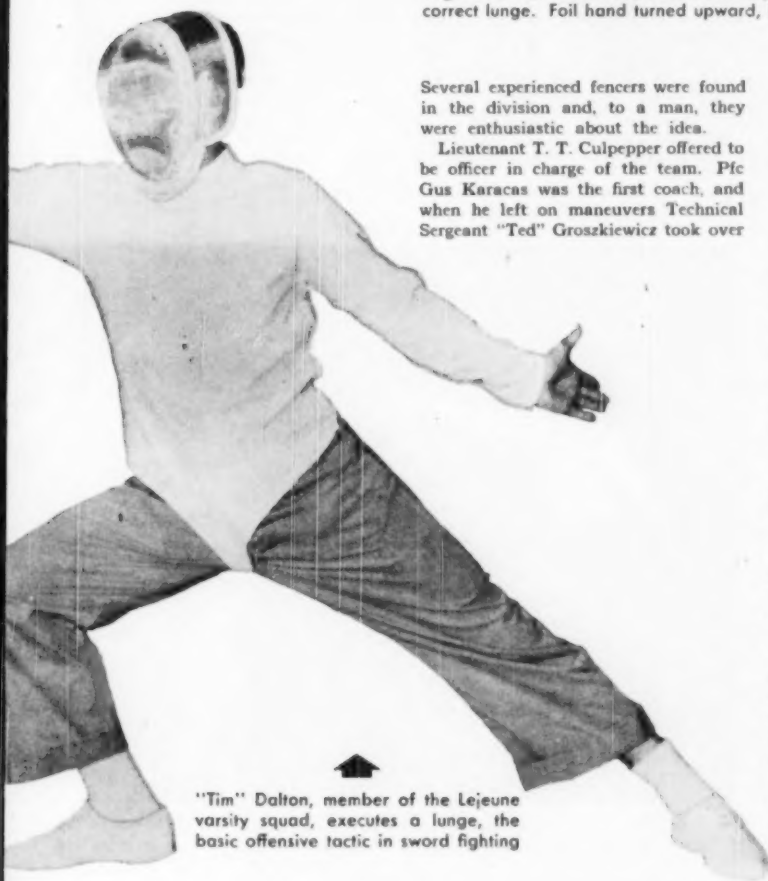
Starting with just four limp foils and 12 stiff pupils, Lieut. Culpepper and Tom Clark, now acting as manager of the club, started to build up the organization. Culpepper worked at pulling all the wires necessary to create interest in the team, get official recognition and suitable gear for the squad.

Accomplishment was rapid. Special Services purchased more equipment. The team was officially designated the Camp Lejeune Varsity Foil Fencing Team in a Camp memorandum and more Marines are constantly turning out for the meetings. Fencing at Lejeune has definitely caught on.

At present the club is meeting three nights a week. According to coach Groszkiewicz, most of the novices who turned out three months ago have become good basic fencers already.

"Right now," Groszkiewicz explained, "the whole program is strictly devoted to teaching and training foil fencing to team members and novices. In the future, matches will be held with private, collegiate and military teams throughout the country.

Several of the team members bought considerable sword erudition to the team with them. Pfc Willard Aitchison, who packs a lot of power into his



"Tim" Dalton, member of the Lejeune varsity squad, executes a lunge, the basic offensive tactic in sword fighting

LEJEUNE BLADESMEN (cont.)



Lejeune's '49 varsity team: kneeling (l. to r.) Corp. E. Parlee, Pfc H. Sprone and Pfc L. Kane. Standing (l. to r.) Pfc T. Dalton, Corp. F. Coleman and Pfc W. Aitchison

five feet, 11 inches, won the Cleveland High School Fencing Championship. Another high school champ is Corporal Ferber J. Coleman from Portland, Me. Pfc L. M. Kane started fencing in high school too, and was a student of the world famed saber champion, Santelli, for almost two years.

Outstanding novice of the class, Pfc Robert Eby, from Syracuse, N.Y., never had a foil in his hands until he joined the class. Two months ago he was selected for the first team.

With organization and training going ahead at a fast clip, many plans are being made for the immediate future of the team.

Manager Clark said, "We're going to affiliate with the Amateur Fencing League of America, they're the governing body for amateur fencing matches."

"What I'd personally like to see," Clark continued, "is an All-Navy or Inter-Service fencing championship."

If fencing catches on at the larger Navy and Marine bases as it has at Lejeune, an All-Navy or All-Marine championship is certainly feasible.

Coach Groszkiewicz says that any Marine can benefit from the sport. "Fencing can be well adapted into the Marine athletic program for it prepares Marines for the fast reactions which are needed in actual combat, and gives them a knowledge of defense against a thrusting weapon, be it saber or bayonet."

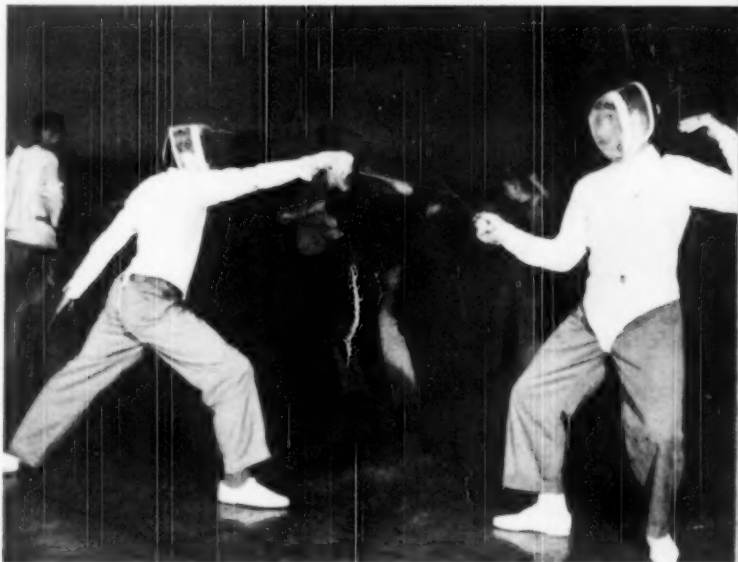
There is a point there, when you consider that, according to Army figures, in the Pacific fighting in World War II more men were run through by swords than bayonets.

The study and application of swordsmanship, in addition to developing fast reactions, is supposed to improve a person's natural poise and grace. If your buddies subtly hint that you're a clumsy ox; if the girl friend's insteps are lacerated from dancing with you or you keep stumbling down staircases, give fencing a try.

"Cross swords with me and I'll tell you the type of man you are," is an old saying passed on by sword masters through the decades. In substance it implies that sword fighting is a highly individualistic form of sport or combat, and that flashing steel reveals a man's true character.

Whether there is any truth in this bromide or not will probably be determined by the Lejeune bladesmen by the end of this year, for it looks as though they'll get plenty of chances to test this kind of sword psychology in 1950.

END



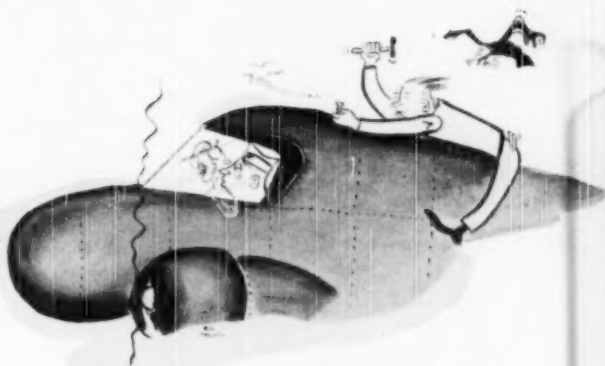
Pfc John Ellis executes a straight lunge at Pfc "Tim" Dalton. This photo shows the proper position of feet. Dalton presents narrowest portion of body to opponent

Leatherneck

Laffs



"Heh, Heh—I could of sworn it had pontoons!"



"There it is again . . . Conk, Conk, Conk!"



FRED
RHODS

by Lee Ruttle

WHEN a final history of the world is written the volumes devoted to military exploits of the nations will contain, if they are complete and true histories, at least one long chapter on the "Chow Hound."

No branch of the military service is without this creature. The armies and the navies of the world, down to their smallest units, all harbor the Chow Hound in one form or another.

The United States Marine Corps seems to be especially afflicted with the species. Ask any mess sergeant and he will tell you that all Marines are Chow Hounds.

To properly identify the various types which may be encountered during a tour of duty, the foregoing table of classification has been prepared:

Chow hounds



HOUND, CHOW, M1, 1775, (Chow Line Quarterback)

The Chow Line Quarterback is found lurking in the vicinity of the mess hall one or two hours before the bugle blows. As the first strains of the "Call of the Wild" are heard wafting over the area, the character lunges forward. Pressing his full weight against the mess hall door, he crashes inward. After trampling a chief messman and four assistants, he takes his place at the nearest table. Then, he commences to howl for service in a strange tongue known only to his breed. It sounds something like, "DOWNONTHESPUDS, DOWNONTHEMEAT, DOWNONTHEJOE!!!"

This unearthly cry is continued throughout the meal and above the din of his competitors. Occasionally he is silenced for a moment by the yell of a mess sergeant whose taut nerves have given way. (The mental wards of our hospitals are filled with ex-mess sergeants, all screaming—"KNOCKIT-OFF!")

HOUND, CHOW, M2, 1895, (The Snatch Artist)

This man operates best when there is one piece of bread left on the table. He gets it.

He starts out with a mess gear filled to overflowing and manages to snag everything edible within a radius of 50 yards and not nailed down. He is the guy who grabs what you are just reaching for. He is sometimes referred to as a Shortstop.

The Snatch Artist wears several stars on his Purple Heart ribbon. His wounds were sustained by tangling with other, more alert Marines at the table. Once his right hand was pinned to the table for three hours by the prongs of a fork.



HOUND, CHOW, M3, 1921, (The Diplomat)

The Diplomat is an expert in the "Buddy-Buddy" field. He is always late for chow formation. But, by weeping and wailing, coaxing and ear-banging, he gradually works his way up to the head of the chow line.

If he fails in the strategy, he waits until chow is over and the mess hall is closed. Then he goes around to the back door and gives the mess sergeant a snow job about how he has been out on a working party. The mess sergeant usually breaks down when the guy tells about all the starving children in Europe. He is then fed a stack of sandwiches which had been prepared for the guard detail.

One thing which may be said for The Diplomat, he never stoops to bribery. Pride in his salesmanship ability is too great. He wins his battle with words . . . and tears.



HOUND, CHOW, M4, 1928, (The Scrounger)

This man never appears in a mess hall. He may be seen eating any time, day or night, for he knows where the key to the food locker is kept. He also knows where there is a break in the screen on a mess hall window.

The Scrounger is adept at trading things like empty beer cans, stray dogs and old sea bags, for such tidbits as cans of pineapple, frozen chickens and whole peach pies.

Now and then, he will volunteer for mess duty, just so he can reconnoiter. He also does some odd jobs for QM, as that puts him in a very advantageous position at the source of supply.

HOUND, CHOW, M5, 1935, (The Last Man, or, The Scavenger)

The Scavenger is the last man to leave the mess hall.

In some ways, he is the cook's delight, as he neatly disposes of all leftovers. At the same time he can be an annoyance. For, no matter how much he is fed, he continues to sit at the table and demand more chow. When the table is finally bare he talks the cook into opening a gallon can of tomato juice with which he washes down his meal.

Messmen do not like this character because he is always there when they are trying to police up the mess hall after chow. He has been known to remain in a mess hall from one meal to the next.

Once this man gets into the Marine Corps, he stays. There is not enough food on the outside to satisfy his voracious appetite.

Even when he is forced to retire at 30 years, he settles down to old age in San Diego or Beaufort—very near the Base—and chow.



A scientific classification of the lower animals inhabiting the Marine Corps mess halls. The odds are eight to five, you're included here

In the recent war in the South Pacific his favorite hunting grounds were Sea-Bee Camps. His barter was Jap rifles.

He was once decorated for feeding his battalion on scrounged SeaBee rations when Marine supplies were temporarily cut off by enemy action. He even borrowed a Jap recon truck to carry the chow back to his own bivouac areas.

Mess sergeants respect the Scrounger. They see in him a bit of themselves when hard pressed for items not easily obtainable.

The Scrounger is sometimes asked to lecture on his craft at Cooks and Bakers School.



HOUND, CHOW, M6, 1940, (The Gourmet)

The Gourmet is an expert on flavors which he creates with the aid of a ketchup bottle and any other available condiments. It is part of his philosophy that no food should be eaten without first decorating it with an assortment of multi-colored junk.

To him, a potato is not just a potato. It is a canvas upon which may be painted a Grand Canyon sunset. If the mess hall does not provide the necessary materials for his art, he buys them in town or at the PX.

The results of his efforts make other chow hounds cringe with disgust. But he is serene; delightedly continuing to sugar his eggs, put jam on his meat and ketchup on his ice cream.

The Gourmet always carries a sliced onion in his pocket. He claims the onion enhances the beauty of marble cake. This affinity for onions makes him a social outcast. But it bothers him not. He lives in a world of his own.

(continued on page 60)



The Peacetime Weapons Company

THE new K tables of organization for the Fleet Marine Force bring back to the Marine infantry battalion the hard hitting weapons company, which had been absent from the battalion since late in 1943.

During the early years of the war each infantry battalion had a weapons company, commanded by a major, and consisting of three machine gun platoons, an 81-mm. mortar platoon, and the company headquarters. The weapons company was usually a hot outfit because the many gun crews and the special weapons gave the unit a feeling of superiority always found among well trained weapons teams who controlled a lot of fire power.

When the weapons companies were disbanded many Marines directly concerned were sorry to see the good outfits break up. They felt that among other things, gun crews would not be as well trained under the new decentralized organization.

However, the theory behind the new

organization was based upon the fact that the machine gun platoons had been customarily attached to the rifle companies for assault landings and for jungle operations. The heavy mortars were the battalion commanders special weapons anyway—so the weapons company headquarters was a needless link in the chain of command.

Then in 1944 the flame thrower, the bazooka teams, and the assault demolition platoons were formed. These units were organized in varied manners and carried in the battalion headquarters company. Supervising their special training was somewhat of a problem to the headquarters company commander.

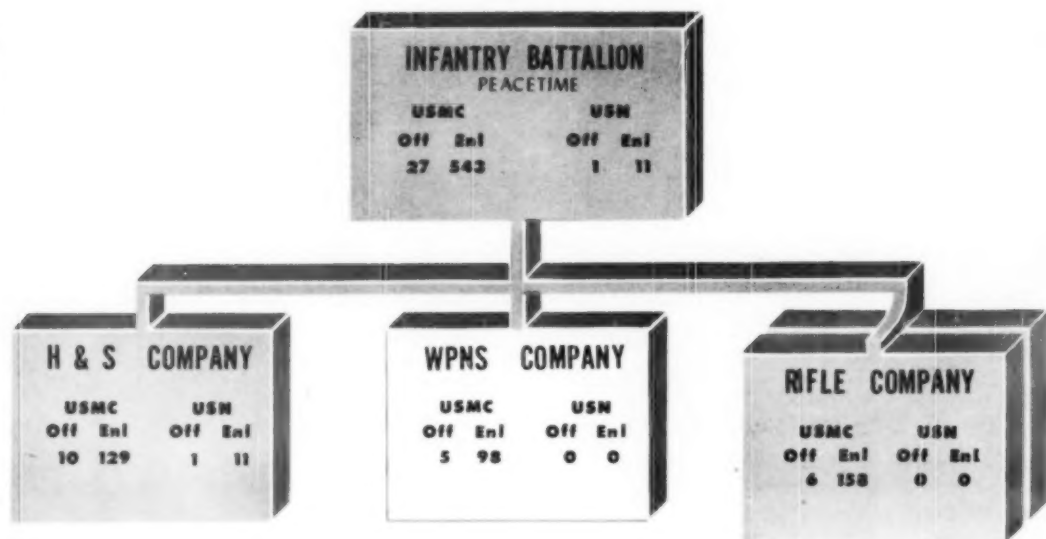
Now the cycle of theory and test is completed with the return of the weapons company in the new tables of organization. The new organization re-

sults from the deliberation of many experienced officers and men and it is meant to fit the needs of peacetime strengths, wartime expansion, and the possible support weapons requirements of a future war.

It will be noted that the proven 81-mm. mortar organization is basically unchanged. The Anti-Tank Assault Platoon contains the flame throwers for use against enemy emplacements, and the new 3.50 inch M20 rocket launcher. This weapon is handy in assault and adds considerable strength to the front line anti-tank defense.

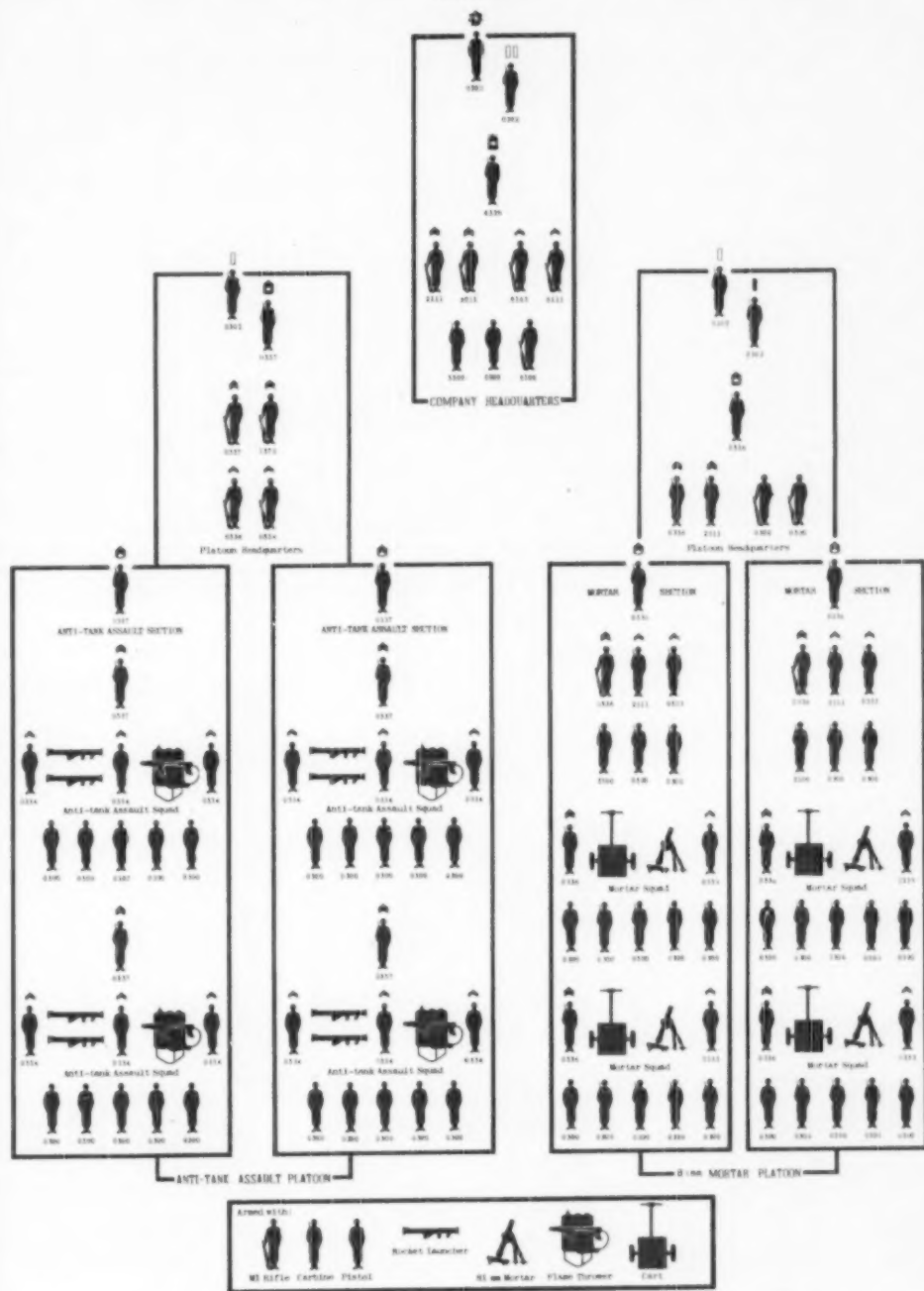
Many Marines will be glad to see the weapons company back in the line up. Training these specialists should now be facilitated and the "heavy weapons" company should once again be a "hot outfit".

END



WEAPONS COMPANY, MARINE INFANTRY BATTALION

PEACETIME



Marine Aircraft
Group Eleven attached
to the USS Leyte
pitches a liberty on . . .

THE ROCK



Gibraltar, the gateway to the Mediterranean, rising out of the early morning mists. The Greeks and Romans called it

Calpe; poets referred to it as the Pillar of Hercules; but to the Marines on the flight deck it meant their first liberty

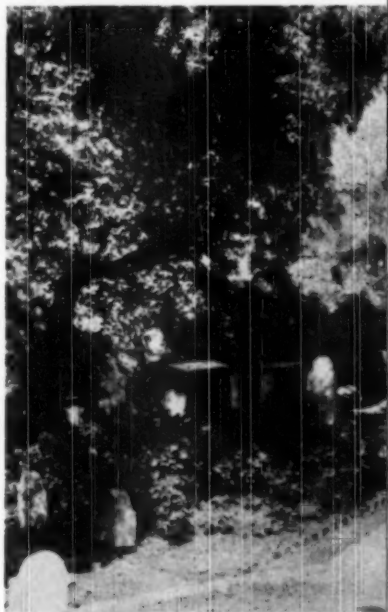
ON THE southernmost tip of the Iberian peninsula dominating the entrance to the Mediterranean, towers the "Rock". It has been a British possession since 1713, and is known as a crown colony. A large and secure harbor at its base makes Gibraltar of the greatest strategic importance. Since its capture by England in 1704, there have been numerous fruitless attempts to seize it. In 1779 to 1783 a strong Spanish fleet made the most determined assault. But the British fired

red hot cannon balls at their ships, burning and sinking most of them.

The famous British admiral Nelson and such immortal men of the American Navy as Bainbridge, Decatur and the fabulous John Paul Jones have visited Gibraltar.

These are camera highlights of a recent visit to the Rock made by the Marines of Aircraft Group Eleven, of the aircraft carrier USS *Leyte*. **END**

Pfcs M. Guillory, R. W. Clark, Sgt. L. B. Meehan, and G. D. Paris of VMF 461 hire a hack to view the sights



Trafalgar Cemetery, burial ground for men killed in the naval engagement of 1801



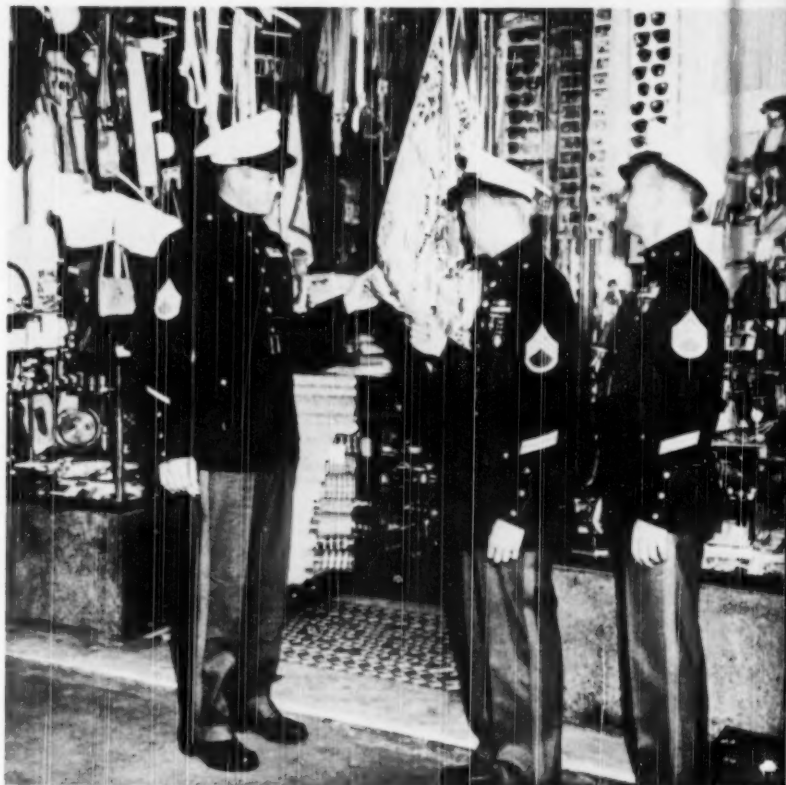
A memorial arch commemorating the British-American unity during War I



Marines of Air Group Eleven hit most of the historic spots on the Rock. This is



Shaving off from the liberty launch, these Marines scatter to seek souvenirs and beer. According to expert sudsmen, British beer is good but not top-notch



Between visiting museums, landmarks, and a castle 1200 years old, the Marines from the USS *Leyte* splurged on souvenirs, and Gibraltar's shops took a beating

In reserve



11th ENGINEERS ABOARD

ORGANIZED Reservists of Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md. were literally at sea last summer. They enjoyed ten week end cruises aboard the USS *Roberts* and the LSIL-1032. Their sea detachment was organized by Sergeant John Neunsinger of the inspector-instructor staff last January, and 32 members of the 11th Engineer Battalion of historic Fort McHenry volunteered. During the summer an average of 23 men made each of the week end cruises.

Enthusiasm ran high, although the men received no pay, and no urging was necessary to get them aboard ship. The purely voluntary character of the sea detachment has resulted in high morale and a remarkable *esprit de corps*.

The battalion was fortunate in being located next to the barracks of the U.S. Naval Reserve, commanded by Captain R. D. Phillips. Capt. Phillips readily agreed to have the sea detachment participate in naval training cruises.

Aboard ship the men were trained in organization and daily routine of Marines afloat. They fired weapons ranging from the 45 Colt Automatic up to the 5" 38-mm. gun. They stood watches, went on short patrol, and performed all functions of sea going Marines.

The highly successful sea detachment received this pat on the back from the Naval Reserve officers: "The Marine Sea Detachment of the 11th Engineers set an example of discipline and enthusiasm and it was a pleasure to have the Marines as shipmates!"

Reserves at general quarters man the 20-mm. guns. An average of 23 men volunteered for each week end cruise



Corporal Thomas Clarke of the sea detachment sounds eight bells, either eight, twelve, or four o'clock lubber's time, during training cruise aboard USS *Roberts*





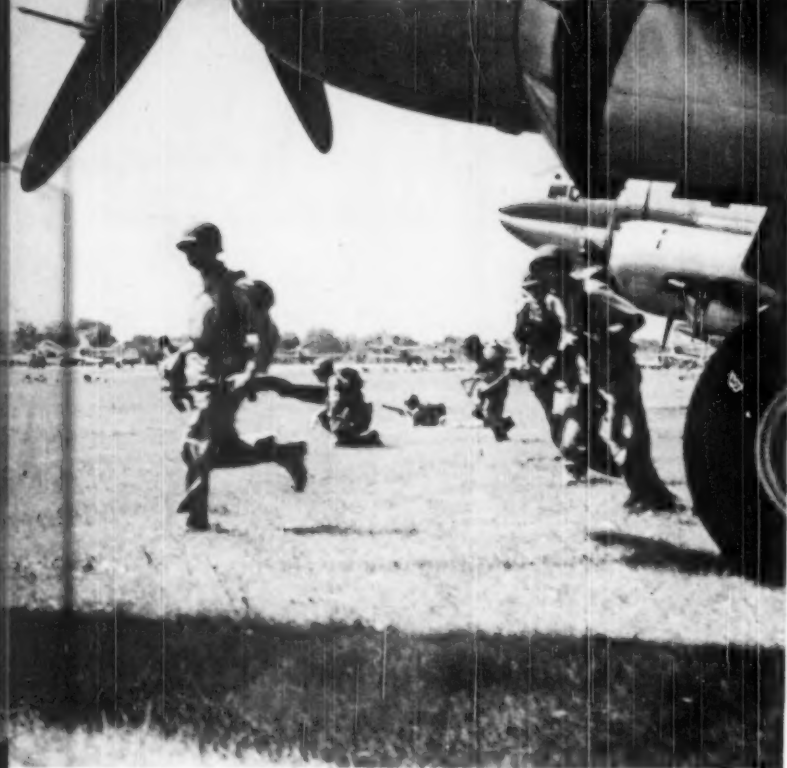
Standing by to pick up the target. Organized Reservists of Fort McHenry, Baltimore, formed a sea detachment last year,

learned while afloat to fire weapons—45 Colt Automatics up to the 5" 38-mm. guns. Good training for active sea duty



Rifle inspections were part of the duties of the 11th Engineers' guard unit aboard the USS Roberts. They were ship's Marine Detachment during the week end trips

GUNG HO INTERMISSION



**Cleveland's Marine Reserve Battalion
demonstrates new combat fury
for a record crowd at the Air Races**



THE National Air Races were underway. Perspiring thousands of the local citizenry sat on pine boards in the heat of a September afternoon. More thousands swarmed the temporary bleachers at Cleveland's Air Force Base. The chief attraction was speeding aircraft. Again the Nation's hot pilots had official sanction to defy gravity.

Planned for the first day's crop of spectators was a new type of double play in which speeding warplanes would work out with Marine assault troops.

The play began as some of the country's fastest jet fighters swooped down over a roped off area in front of the stands while Reserve Marines of the 7th Infantry Battalion—Cleveland's own—landed from a dozen Curtiss Commandos. These men had wrapped up their annual fortnight training program at Camp Lejeune, N. C. a few hours before their "assault." The Commandos belonged to a Marine squadron based at Cherry Point, also in North Carolina.

Although the action-hungry crowd

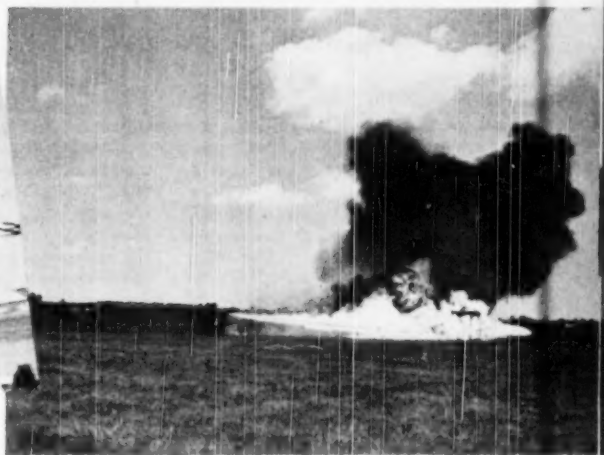




Men of the 7th Reserve Battalion move out from the huge assault transport planes and push toward the objective



At the climax to the Marines' battle exercise, a flight of Air Force B-36s and B-29s roared over the grandstand



Flame throwers gave the necessary flash of realism to the Marines' exercise. Here they destroy an "enemy" pillbox

had seen the objective of this land grab, a plywood replica of famous Mt. Suribachi, it was surprised when the tight formation flew in bearing the battalion.

One by one the planes braked to a stop and the 7th's fire teams plopped into a skirmish line. Attention in the stands waned at first because the winner of the Bendix race was expected in a few minutes.

As pillboxes, which had been especially prepared, were destroyed by flamethrowers, interest perked up. Some people didn't understand what was going on but tried to follow the words of the narrator. Everyone in the exercise was striving for realism. Marines in full combat equipment went through

the motions of being painfully hit by enemy fire and "Flying Banana" helicopters shuttled to the scene to evacuate the wounded. A continual stream of airpower softened up theoretical opposing positions. Automatic weapons were brought to bear on Suribachi.

The enthusiasm shown by the thousands witnessing the demonstration was reminiscent of the racing days of such Marines as Brigadier Generals Lawson, "Sandy" Sanderson and William O. Brice, veteran aviators.

The attack was nearing completion as the troops began to overrun the objective. Planes which had participated in the close air support were leaving the area when an abbreviated fire team

pushed up the slope. The spell which held the crowd broke into a cheer when the colors were raised at the climax of the exercise. The battle was won. The troops marched away to waiting trucks. This was their last day of active duty.

People leaving that day had seen some of the world's fastest planes, the winner of the famous Bendix race, the biggest bomber in the air today, the B-36, the Navy's king-sized transport—The Constitution—and an organization typical of the Marine Corps Reserve. They had seen proof positive that the Corps could not only go airborne, but that it is continually developing new tactics.

END

IN RESERVE (cont.)



Fans get that way frequently—but this may be the first pillbox to be burned up in Griffith Stadium. Show took place between battles: Washington vs. Chicago

BEACHHEAD IN CENTER FIELD



Fifth Infantry Battalion
has its inning in a
double-header at D.C.

LIKE seasoned combat veterans, the Marines rested comfortably against their packs, their rifles cradled in their laps. Some of the men puffed last minute cigarettes. A few sat silently, thoughtfully, while others bantered goodhumoredly. With a grin one man said, "Hey Corpsman who's going to be the first casualty today?"

The corpsman answered, "Don't worry, I've got my eyes on him," and then with double meaning he added, "I'll take care of him."

The men appeared relaxed, unaffected by the prospect of the coming operation.

A keen-eyed chief warrant officer called to the platoon sergeant, "Fall the men in. Roll call before we board the DUKWs."

"Awright you people, let's fall in. Three ranks, cover down."

The officer stepped forward and began to brief the men:

"We hit the beach in four DUKWs. As soon as we get in Able fire team, one machine gun crew, and a bazooka team will take off to the left. Keep down low."

"I want that machine gun set up fast. As soon as you get in position open up and draw the enemy fire. That will be the signal for the rest of the outfit to move out on the right flank. You flame thrower men will stay back out of the fire fight and wait until it's time for you to go in."

"As soon as the outpost line of resistance has been engaged and neutralized, the flame throwers will move in and burn out the pill box. Don't forget that

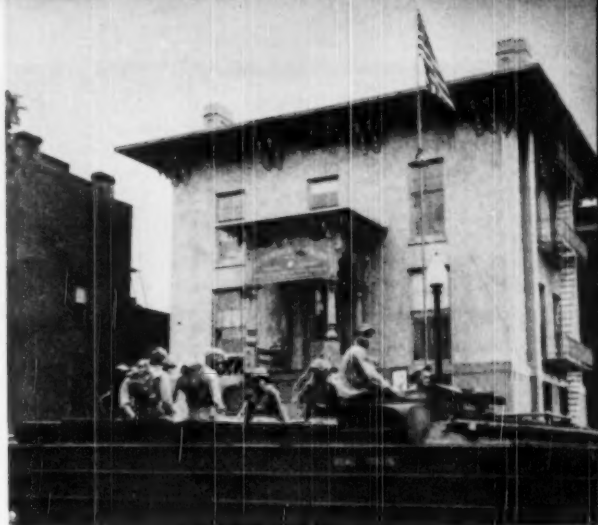
those flame throwers have to get in if we are to do this job right. Everything but bazookas and machine guns will keep up a covering fire. We really should wind the thing up with a satchel charge but all you men know why we can't use one. We'll have to make the flame throwers our knockout punch. Immediately after the flame throwers have expended their cartridges overrun the pillbox and establish your positions. Any questions?"



This method of bailing out pleases the crowd but would be lethal under fire



Machine gunner and assistant set up the weapon next to the DUKW, ready to engage the enemy during a dress rehearsal



The assault platoon of the 5th Infantry Battalion shoves off in DUKWs borrowed from the crack 22nd Marines, Quantico

There were no questions. The men boarded the DUKWs and pulled out for their destination.

It didn't take long to get to the ball park.

At the halfway mark of a baseball doubleheader between Washington and Chicago the Assault Platoon of Washington's 5th Organized Reserve Infantry

Battalion was scheduled to show a grandstand full of baseball fans how to take a pill box. The beachhead was in center field.

Just seven years before, even to the day, Marines put on another demonstration before a group of people who purported to be baseball fans. The people were Japanese. The Marines

were the First Marine Division, and the demonstration was called, "How to take an island." The island was Guadalcanal.

The beachhead on August 7, 1942, could almost be called an experiment. The first offensive step of the war on the part of American forces. Guadalcanal was the scene of many rugged battles before the island was officially secured six months later.

The going wasn't as rough for the Washington Reservists.

During the first game of the doubleheader the men sat in a section set aside for them and enjoyed the game. Just before the game ended they filed from their places and boarded the amphibious trucks in preparation for their entrance. While the loudspeakers blared forth recorded battle sounds, the operation went off as scheduled. Flame throwers provided the knockout punch on a pill box which had been set up near second base. The men had disembarked in center field and while a small diversionary force deployed along the right field wall the main party skirmished to the left side of the field. To add a realistic touch, simulated messages between the two elements of the attacking force were read over the loud speakers. As an obstacle was encountered steps were taken immediately to neutralize it. Even the corpsmen were on hand to haul away a pre-designated casualty.

The operation wound up with a screaming bayonet charge; and then the Citizen Marines returned to the stands to watch the second game of the double header.

END



Marine flame thrower, Corp. Leonard Coates tries to recruit John Wood, 6

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

Marine Corps Special Orders

#276-49

to

Marine Corps Special Orders

#301-49

HOSKINS, JACOB D., Mgt. (2158) fr MCS Quantico to MCRDdP PI.
ANDY, CHARLES L., Mgt. (0148) fr MB NB NorVa to HqMC WashDC.
DAVIS, HUGH C., Tsgt. (0089) fr MB NAS Panna-
cola to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
CRAIG, THOMAS J., Tsgt. (0216) fr MB NB
SanJuan Pk to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
MARLEY, EMMETT H., Ssgt. (0231) fr MB NAS
NorVa to HqMC WashDC.
HOLT, JULIUS A., Ssgt. (0010) fr MB NAS Memphis
to NB NorVa.
KELLY, HERBERT C., Ssgt. (0100) fr MB NGF WashDC
to HqMC WashDC.
CABRUTHER, PAUL R., Ssgt. (2017) fr MCRDdP PI
to HqMC WashDC.
MOORE, ELVA, Tsgt. (2378) fr MB Lejeune to
HqMC WashDC.
BYRDON, BERNARD J., Tsgt. (2378) fr MB Lejeune
to MCS Quantico.
CROOVER, BYRON C., Ssgt. (2021) fr 2dMarDiv
Lejeune to MB Pendleton.
SCHMALTZ, HENRY J. (0413) fr MCAS Cherry
Point to NAS Annapolis.
DEANS, ALVIN, Mgt. (2529) fr 1st MarDiv MB
Lejeune.
ALCORN, MURRIE G., Tsgt. (1530) fr 1stMarDiv
Pendleton to HqMC WashDC.
HARPER, KARL E., Ssgt. (2529) fr MB Lejeune to
MCRB Quantico.
SMITH, CHARLES K., Tsgt. (0089) fr MCAS Quan-
tico to MCAS El Toro.
BEUTLER, FRANK A., Tsgt. (2080) fr MCAS Quan-
tico to MCAS El Toro.
WARNER, MICHAEL A., Ssgt. (2080) fr MCAS Quan-
tico to MCAS El Toro.
TAYLOR, LOUIS R., Ssgt. (2080) fr MCAS Quan-
tico to MCAS El Toro.
DONNELLY, ROBERT, Ssgt. (2017) fr MCAS Quan-
tico to MCAS El Toro.
SMITH, GEORGE H., Ssgt. (2064) fr MCAS Quan-
tico to MCAS El Toro.
POTTER, ROBERT E., Ssgt. (2017) fr MCAS Quan-
tico to MCAS El Toro.
CAMPELL, HENRY C., Tsgt. (0147) fr HqMC
WashDC to MB Fort Leavenworth French
Morocco.
RICHARDSON, "J", "W", Tsgt. (0431) fr HqMC
WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
WOLCART, STANISLAUS M., Ssgt. (0219) fr MB
NAS Quantico to MB Lejeune.
WESTMORELAND, ROBERT H., Mgt. (4029) fr NB
Panna-cola to Little Creek to HqMC
WashDC.
HOCKENBERRY, ROBERT E., Tsgt. (2100) MCRDdP
PI to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
BENNETT, HORACE M., Tsgt. (0415) fr MB USM
Farragut to MB NB NorVa.
DOMINGUE, ALTON J., Tsgt. (2019) fr MB NB
NorVa to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
MCGEE, JAMES E., Ssgt. (0011) fr MB NB NorVa
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
STEWART, IRWIN E., JR., Ssgt. (1500) MB WashDC
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
COOLEY, DONALD J., Mgt. (2080) fr MCAS Cherry
Point to MCAS El Toro.
MCMILL, FRANCIS D., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCAS
Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
PATELLA, PAUL A., Tsgt. (0449) fr MCAS Cherry
Point to MCAS El Toro.
NONSKOFF, ALFRED, Tsgt. (2080) fr MCAS Cherry
Point to MCAS El Toro.
BROWER, JORGE P., Ssgt. (0413) fr MCAS Cherry
Point to MCAS El Toro.
KNOPP, ALFRED, Mgt. (0029) fr MCAS Cherry
Point to HqMC WashDC.
ROBINSON, DONALD L., Tsgt. (0416) fr MB Pendle-
ton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
HANNA, CLARENCE M., Tsgt. (0018) fr DP SanFran
to HqMC WashDC.
PRICE, UTAH, Mgt. (2529) fr DP SanFran to
HqMC WashDC.
GARD, JOHN D., Ssgt. (0149) fr MB NGF WashDC
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
DUNHAM, WILBUR C., Tsgt. (1971) fr 2dMarDiv
Lejeune to MCRDdP PI.
FLOWER, ROBERT A., Jr., Ssgt. (1985) fr 2dMar-
Div Lejeune to MB Pendleton.
GREENSKOWIAK, JOHN J., Ssgt. (0010) fr HqMC
WashDC to MCRDdP PI.

NEWTON, DONALD H., Ssgt. (0016) fr MB 15 NorVa
to US FET Markovac.
GRAY, ALLEN J., Ssgt. (2500) fr 1stMarDiv Pendle-
ton to MB Pendleton.
McLAUGHLIN, PATRICK H., Mgt. (0419) fr MCAS
El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
WALL, LLOYD J., Mgt. (2529) fr MCAS El Toro to
MCAS Cherry Point.
ALLCORN, EMMETT H., Ssgt. (2080) fr MCAS El
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
BELL, STEVE, Mgt. (0019) fr MCAS El Toro to
MCAS Cherry Point.
KOSTER, CHARLES L., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCAS El
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
ANDERSON, JOHN V., Tsgt. (2041) from MCAS El
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
McDANIEL, CLAUDE V., Tsgt. (2529) fr MCAS El
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
GLASSCOCK, ELLIS L., Tsgt. (2519) fr MCAS El
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
THACT, THOMAS W., Ssgt. (0413) fr MCAS El
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
DENTYER, SAMUEL A., Jr., Mgt. (0400) fr MCAS
Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
SMOLEN, ALEXANDER P., Mgt. (0149) fr DP San
Fran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
STRAND, LOREN L., Tsgt. (0316) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
SMITH, THOMAS A., Tsgt. (0316) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
SWAIN, DIXON H., Ssgt. (0080) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
PRINDLE, CHARLES D., Mgt. (0080) fr NCRD Phila
to MCRDdP PI.
SIMMONS, LIONEL K., Mgt. (0149) fr MD USM
Verge to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
STEWEN, CROMWELL C., Tsgt. (2519) fr MCAS
Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.
STEVENSON, HENRY C., Ssgt. (0080) fr MCRDdP
Parris Island to 1stMarDiv Lejeune.
SPAMFINGTON, CHARLIE, Ssgt. (0147) fr HqMC
WashDC to 2dMarDiv.
SOUTHERN, EUGEN, Mgt. (0149) fr MB Lejeune
to MD USM Verve.
BEMMARCO, ADOLPH D., Tsgt. (0016) fr MB Lejeune
to 2dMarDiv.
BALYER, JOSEPH L., Tsgt. (0049) fr MB Lejeune
to 2dMarDiv.
THOMPSON, PAUL, Ssgt. (0080) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
STANLEY, VERNON L., Mgt. (0149) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
DEVILLERS, LEONARD E., Mgt. (0149) fr DP San
Fran to HqMC WashDC.
SADLER, RAYMOND, Mgt. (0149) fr DP SanFran
to HqMC WashDC.
MOSE, FORREST A., Ssgt. (0080) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
YATE, DONALD R., Tsgt. (0316) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
SCHIEDT, ROY, Ssgt. (0080) fr DP SanFran to Hq
FMFPac.
LENHIAN, JOHN D., Ssgt. (0147) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
TAYLOR, DONALD C., Mgt. (0149) fr FMFPac to
1stMarDiv Pendleton.
STONE, BEDFORD D., Ssgt. (0149) fr FMFPac to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
LITTERELL, LINDON, Ssgt. (2014) fr MB NGF
WashDC to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
STICHNOT, CHARLES C., JR., Tsgt. (0147) fr MB
NGF WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
GRIFITH, JAMES S., Ssgt. (0147) fr MB NGF
WashDC to MCS Quantico.
TERRY, ROBERT E., Ssgt. (0149) fr MB NAD Dover
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
MOLNAR, LEWIS A., Ssgt. (0147) fr MB NAD Dover
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
TAYLOR, GEORGE R., Mgt. (2080) fr 1stMarDiv
Pendleton to Markovac.
STOWERS, RUTH A., Ssgt. (0019) fr MB NAS
Panna-cola to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
REAGAN, JOHN J., Tsgt. (2529) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune
to MB Lejeune.
SIMPLER, GEORGE W., Ssgt. (0246) fr MCS Quan-
tico to MCRB Parris Island.
CORNELLY, ROBERT P., Ssgt. (0080) fr MB NB Phila
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
SMITH, FREDERICK W., Ssgt. (0336) fr MB NB Phila
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
CLARK, CHARLES R., Mgt. (2014) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
THOMAS, KARNEST, Mgt. (0019) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT E., Ssgt. (2021) fr DP
SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
RATARIANO, SAM V., Ssgt. (0100) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
CARR, JAMES F., Mgt. (2014) fr 1stMarDiv Pendle-
ton to MB Mare Vallejo Area.
STAMPER, JAMES O., Tsgt. (0400) fr MCS Quan-
tico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
GOSSELIN, JOHN R., Ssgt. (2014) fr 2dMarDiv
Lejeune to MCRB Parris Island.
HARRIS, JESSE R., Mgt. (2039) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune
to MCRB Parris Island.
ZOLLIN, ALBERT, Tsgt. (2014) fr 2d Mar Div
Lejeune to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
WARD, JOHN R., Ssgt. (2019) fr MCRB Parris Is-
land to MB Lejeune.
LEVY, NATHAN, Mgt. (2019) fr MCRB Parris Is-
land to MB Lejeune.
GIBSON, GEORGE G., Mgt. (2014) fr 9th MCRD
Chicago to MB Pendleton.
DENES, STEPHEN J., Tsgt. (2030) fr MB NB Phila
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
SWENNEY, FRANCIS M., Mgt. (0080) fr MB Lejeune
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
CUTTER, VERLE D., Mgt. (2019) fr DP SanFran
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
DOWNING, FRED, Mgt. (2080) fr DP SanFran
to Hq FMFPac.
FACCIORETTI, MARIO, Mgt. (0149) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
McBRIDE, GEORGE, Mgt. (2520) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
PETOW, JOHN, Mgt. (2520) fr DP SanFran to MB
Lejeune.
BOWERS, RUSSELL A., Tsgt. (0400) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
COLLINS, HARRY L., Tsgt. (2080) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
O'MALLEY, JOHN, Mgt. (2520) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
HUNTER, HUGH R., Ssgt. (0080) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

IVNEY, JOEL A., Ssgt. (0500) fr DP SanFran to Hq
FMFPac.
CHAMBERS, ALTON R., Mgt. (0149) fr FMFPac to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
COOPER, CLAUD S., Mgt. (2080) fr FMFPac to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
VIA, LAWRENCE L., Mgt. (2520) fr FMFPac to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
WEBB, GEORGE G., Mgt. (2080) fr FMFPac to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
HUMPHREY, ANITA, Ssgt. (0149) fr FMFPac
to MB Lejeune.
BLEY, PAUL H., Tsgt. (2500) fr FMFPac to MCS
Quantico.
JUNKER, FREDERICK H., Tsgt. (0316) fr FMFPac
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
DUDEK, RAYMOND B., Ssgt. (0147) fr FMFPac to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
KIVETT, WILLIAM C., Mgt. (0147) fr FMFPac to
Markovac.
JOHNSON, HORACE J., Jr., Ssgt. (0147) fr FMFPac
to Markovac.
WILLIS, WILBERT L., Ssgt. (0238) fr FMFPac to
Markovac.
JEFFREY, GENE B., Mgt. (2529) fr MCS Quan-
tico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
CANDELOHI, ALBERT E., Tsgt. (2500) fr MCS Quan-
tico to DP SanFran.
RIGGS, JOSEPH E., Jr., Mgt. (0419) HqMC Wash
DC to DGP.
DUFFY, GEORGE, JR., Mgt. (0419) HqMC Wash
DC to MCAS El Toro.
WELCH, LESTER A., Mgt. (0149) fr Post Leasing
French Morocco to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
LECCERE, LOUIS, Tsgt. (2519) fr MBPUSH NH to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
JENKINS, LAWSON, Tsgt. (0300) fr MD USM
Verge to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
YOUNG, FREDERICK W., Ssgt. (0149) fr MB NBND
French Va to HqMC WashDC.
OPACIC, GEORGE, Tsgt. (2519) fr MCRB Phila to
MCAS Cherry Point.
LEINE, WARREN H., Tsgt. (2119) fr MB Phila to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
ROGERS, ALTON, Ssgt. (0316) fr MB Balboa to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
GREENE, WILLIAM H., Mgt. (0149) fr FMFPac to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
CARRIER, GEORGE H., Mgt. (0100) fr FMFPac to
1stMarDiv Pendleton.
ULMAUF, WILLIAM A., Mgt. (0149) fr FMFPac to
1stMarDiv Pendleton.
LUNCH, FRED W., Tsgt. (0149) fr FMFPac to
1stMarDiv Pendleton.
JOHNSON, WILLARD C., Mgt. (2080) fr FMFPac to
1stMarDiv Pendleton.
BOLKOW, GEORGE W., Tsgt. (0080) fr FMFPac to
1stMarDiv Pendleton.
PORTER, CHARLES A., Ssgt. (0149) fr FMFPac to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
BENECIA, ADAM, Ssgt. (0300) fr FMFPac to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
MATHESON, BRUCE JR., Ssgt. (0335) fr FMFPac
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
PUGH, DARVE, Mgt. (0100) fr FMFPac to 2dMar-
Div Lejeune.
DEARDEFF, LEOLE W., Mgt. (0149) fr FMFPac
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
VIA, CLEO T., Mgt. (0319) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv
Lejeune.
SNYDER, FLOYD A., Tsgt. (2080) fr FMFPac to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
BREWSTER, MCLURE, Ssgt. (2549) fr FMFPac to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
BICK, GEORGE W., JR., Tsgt. (0147) fr FMFPac
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
BOYD, MORG W., Tsgt. (0316) fr FMFPac to 1stMar-
Div Pendleton.
MESTDAGH, CAMILLE, Tsgt. (0147) fr FMFPac to
1stMarDiv Pendleton.
NUSSE, PAUL G., Tsgt. (0080) fr FMFPac to 1stMar-
Div Pendleton.
HILL, JAMES, Tsgt. (0300) fr FMFPac to 1stMarDiv
Pendleton.
VAN RAAY, BERNARD E. F., Ssgt. (0147) fr FMFPac
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
VERMEER, WILHELM, Ssgt. (0147) fr FMFPac to
2dMarDiv Lejeune.
HUGHES, JOHN D., Ssgt. (0147) fr FMFPac to 2d-
MarDiv Lejeune.
CALDWELL, CHARLES E., JR., Ssgt. (0316) fr FMFPac
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
POOLE, FRANCIS M., Ssgt. (0131) fr FMFPac to
Markovac as dir by DP SanFran.
HANELINE, GEORGE M., Mgt. (0149) fr DP SanFran
to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
KECK, IRVING L., Ssgt. (0147) fr DP SanFran to
1stMarDiv Pendleton.
TRUJILLO, TRINIDAD P., Ssgt. (2080) fr DP San-
Fran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
PAKE, WALTER J., Ssgt. (2024) fr MCS Quantico to
MB Pendleton.
ELLIOTT, BERTRAND, Tsgt. (2549) fr MCS Quan-
tico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
CLEMENTS, LEONARD C., Ssgt. (2080) fr MCS
Quantico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
HUDDLE, LEWIS, Ssgt. (0149) fr MB Panna-
cola to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
DARLING, JAMES L., Ssgt. (2080) fr MB Panna-
cola to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
PETHICK, RAYMOND W., Tsgt. (0316) fr MB NB
Brookline to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
GREENBERG, ARTHUR H., Ssgt. (2080) MB NB
Brookline to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
GOFFE, JOHN G., Mgt. (0149) fr NGF WashDC to
HqMC WashDC.
BUTTER, ALVIN F., Mgt. (0149) fr MB NB
Chaco to MB Lejeune.
JONES, ELWOOD R., Tsgt. (0147) fr NCRD Phila to
LAUGHTER, ZER, Ssgt. (2030) fr MB Balboa to 2d-
MarDiv Lejeune.
MORRIS, WILLIAM L., Ssgt. (0316) fr MB San Juan
to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
KURTZ, GEORGE S., Ssgt. (0111) fr MCAS Cherry
Point to HqMC WashDC.
ANDREWS, MARION A., Tsgt. (0149) fr FMFPac to
Markovac as dir by DP SanFran.
UNDERWOOD, KLEMER D., Ssgt. (0149) fr FMFPac
to Markovac as dir by DP SanFran.
EVANS, JOHN W., Tsgt. (2549) fr FMFPac to Mar-
kovac as dir by DP SanFran.
REY, ROY F., Tsgt. (0316) fr FMFPac to Markovac
as dir.
SUTTON, EDGAR R., Ssgt. (2080) fr FMFPac to
MCRB Parris Island.
SMITH, JOHN P., Ssgt. (0111) fr FMFPac to MCR-
B Parris Island.

HANSEN, CARL R., MSgt. (0149) fr DP SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

DUNIS, GUST H., MSgt. (5809) fr DP SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

LEWIS, LAWRENCE E., SSgt. (0210) fr MD USS COLUMBUS to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

BURKE, PERRY W., SSgt. (0316) fr MB NAS Memphis to MD USS COLUMBUS.

GIONOTTI, LOUIS J., MSgt. (0419) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.

ROBINSON, GARY R., MSgt. (0419) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.

GATLIN, HENRY JR., MSgt. (0419) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.

GLEAVES, DENTON V., Tsgt. (0400) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.

LAINO, GORDON L., SSgt. (0413) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.

ROMAINE, LAWRENCE E., SSgt. (7119) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.

HARR, WALTER W., MSgt. (0149) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

WEBER, PETER, MSgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

HORTON, WILLIAM W., SSgt. (7211) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

DENNEY, JAMES L., JR., MSgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

FLECKAUS, ALBERT N., MSgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

JOHANSSON, ROBERT L., MSgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

JUND, LEE E., SSgt. (0444) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

NORDMAN, LEE E., SSgt. (0444) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

CRAMER, JOHN J., MSgt. (8000) fr DP SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

BROWN, ROBERT H., MSgt. (2029) fr DP SanFran to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

SAMUEL, ROBERT K., MSgt. (0147) fr HqORD Chicago to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

DANIEL, ROY F., MSgt. (3009) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.

FRANCE, KENNETH E., MSgt. (0149) fr MB NAS Kodiak to HqMC WashDC.

ADAMS, GORDON L., MSgt. (0419) fr MB Great Lakes to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

TAYLOR, RAYMOND B., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to VMCB 118.

DAVID, EDWARD, SSgt. (0413) fr MCAS El Toro to VMCB 118.

MOORE, EDWARD J., SSgt. (1828) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

NOLL, WILLIAM J., MSgt. (0400) fr MCB Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.

BIEMER, JAMES E., SSgt. (0147) fr MCB Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.

BRIENDINE, JOHN A., SSgt. (1300) fr MCB Quantico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

MANSFIELD, JOHN C., MSgt. (3529) fr MB Lejeune to MCB Quantico.

ENNIS, CARL W., SSgt. (5809) fr MB Lejeune to MCB Quantico.

TURNER, BERNARD, MSgt. (3529) fr MCB Quantico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

DWYER, MAURICE F., Tsgt. (3578) fr MCB Quantico to MB NB Parris.

MORTON, ARNOLD C., MSgt. (3449) fr MCRDep Parris Island to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

MONTGOMERY, JAMES R., MSgt. (2119) fr MCRDep Parris Island to MB Lejeune.

ROBINSON, DAVID R., Tsgt. (2419) fr MB Lejeune to FMFPac.

HURTON, WILLIAM A., Tsgt. (3519) fr MB NASV Parris Va to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

McDERMOTT, JOHN R., Tsgt. (3539) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MB Lejeune.

REED, KENNETH H., SSgt. (2411) fr MB NB Bos to FMFPac.

KITTERER, NEVIN R., SSgt. (3017) fr DP SanFran to HqMC WashDC.

MURRAY, GORDON R., MSgt. (0149) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to 1-1 10th SigCo MCHTC.

SMITH, KENNETH D., MSgt. (0149) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to 1-1 "D" Btry 1st HAAGru Augusta.

FAIR, MAXIE L., MSgt. (0729) fr 2dMarDiv to 1-1 "D" Btry 1st HAAGru Augusta.

COLEMAN, JOHN V., Tsgt. (0719) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to 1-1 "D" Btry 1st HAAGru Augusta.

HUTSON, WOODROW W., MSgt. (0149) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to 1-1 10th AmTrAcBr MCHTC Tampa.

BOYD, ORRIN A., Tsgt. (1871) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to 1-1 10th AmTrAcBr MCHTC Tampa.

STRINGER, THOMAS B., MSgt. (3019) fr MB Lejeune to 1-1 10th SigCo MCHTC Cambridge.

FLONOWSKI, CHARLES R., SSgt. (2534) fr MB Lejeune to MCB Quantico.

REEVES, WILFRED E., MSgt. (2519) fr MB Great Lakes to 1-1 10th SigCo MCHTC Cambridge.

HULTON, HAROLD F., MSgt. (3014) fr MB NB Parris to 1-1 "D" Btry 1st HAAGru Augusta.

SEWELL, CHARLES R., MSgt. (2619) fr FMFPac to MB Great Lakes.

SASS, EARL L., MSgt. (3019) fr MCRDep Parris Island to MB Lejeune.

GOODRICK, HARRY J., SSgt. (2201) fr HqMC WashDC to MCB Quantico.

ORLANDO, DANIEL, SSgt. (0300) fr MCRDep Parris Island to MD USS SALER.

GRAVES, LEON A., MSgt. (3034) fr DP SanFran to MB Lejeune.

FLETCHER, SILAS, MSgt. (3278) fr DP SanFran to MCB Quantico.

HUTCHISON, HOMER E., MSgt. (3034) fr DP SanFran to MB Lejeune.

BAUCCM, BERNARD W., Tsgt. (3034) fr DP SanFran to HqMC WashDC.

BALKO, MICHAEL F., MSgt. (0419) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.

CHIFFLE, EDWARD J., MSgt. (0419) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.

STEWART, OLNEY J., JR., SSgt. (0411) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.

WOOD, JAMES M., JR., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.

ROBSON, FRANCIS M., JR., SSgt. (0413) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS Quantico.

KLEIN, LAWRENCE J., MSgt. (7119) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

LINDLEY, WILLIAM J., MSgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

FOSTER, THOMAS L., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

EADS, JAMES M., SSgt. (0413) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

SWANBERG, CLIFFORD D., SSgt. (0431) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

GACHEN, FRANK, JR., SSgt. (0147) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

MURPHY, FRANCIS J., SSgt. (0413) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

THOMAS, JAMES E., SSgt. (0413) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

WALLER, JAMES E., JR., SSgt. (0413) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

WALLING, JAMES M., SSgt. (0413) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

DORGAN, ALFRED V., MSgt. (3034) fr MB Lejeune to HqMC WashDC.

BEST, KENNETH L., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCB Quantico to MCAS El Toro.

MAC LAUGHLIN, GEORGE N., JR., SSgt. (0413) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS El Toro.

YOUNG, FRED F., JR. (3419) fr MCB Quantico to HqMC WashDC.

FANT, EARL M., MSgt. (3530) fr NGP WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

KOHLMAN, FREDERICK A., MSgt. (3019) fr MCB Quantico to MCAS El Toro.

BLANCH, JAMES J., MSgt. (4129) fr NTC Great Lakes to MCB Quantico.

YOUNG, FREDERICK A., Tsgt. (3419) fr NB NorVa to HqMC WashDC.

BRATCHER, HARLEY B., MSgt. (2119) fr FMFPac to MCAS El Toro.

MANN, JOSEPH E., MSgt. (2200) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

BLOUGH, CLINTON D., (2128) fr FMFPac to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

KAUFMAN, JOSEPH C. O., MSgt. (2111) fr FMFPac to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

HOFFMAN, LEO O., Tsgt. (1841) fr FMFPac to MB Lejeune.

MC LENDON, JESSE N., JR., Tsgt. (2128) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

BRAGE, CECIL H., Tsgt. (2111) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

KAMMEYER, JOHN A., Tsgt. (2129) fr FMFPac to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

WOODWARD, JEROME R., SSgt. (0750) fr FMFPac to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

DAVIDSON, CLYDE R., SSgt. (0750) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

BLACKMON, CLIFF, MSgt. (3529) fr DP SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

GOOE, HERBERT F., Tsgt. (3519) fr DP SanFran to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

GINIEL, STANLEY, Tsgt. (3519) fr SanFran to MCB Quantico.

MORRIS, FLOYD L., Tsgt. (3530) fr DP SanFran to Harston Annex.

ALLEN, BRUCE O., SSgt. (2518) fr DP SanFran to Harston Annex.

FITCH, ISAAC O., MSgt. (3519) fr MB NB NorVa to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

SNYDER, WENLEY E., Tsgt. (3519) fr MB NB Phila to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

GREENE, ROBERT B., Tsgt. (3519) fr MB NB Phila to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

FERRILL, GEORGE F., Tsgt. (3519) fr MCB Quantico to MB Lejeune.

MONIOT, JOSEPH E., SSgt. (2111) fr MCB Quantico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

CLAYTON, CHARLES F., Tsgt. (3530) fr MB Lejeune to MCB Quantico.

YESLINEK, JOHN P., Tsgt. (3270) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MB NB Kodiak Alaska.

YOUNG, FRANK F., JR., SSgt. (0147) fr MD USS GENERAL ANDERSON to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

RUTKIEWICZ, RICHMOND, SSgt. (0147) fr MB NB Brooklyn to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

SWITZER, RAYMOND O., SSgt. (3516) fr MB NB Bos to MCB Quantico.

BENTON, EDGAR A., JR., MSgt. (0700) fr MB NAS Hadrian to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

PECK, MYRON A., Tsgt. (2000) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MB Lejeune.

GARRISON, "B" "B", MSgt. (1200) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCB Quantico.

ALFORD, WILLIAM V., Tsgt. (2119) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCB Quantico.

CAMPBELL, DAVID S., Tsgt. (2119) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep Parris.

OWEN, GEORGE W., Tsgt. (1814) fr MCB Quantico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

HOWLSBY, CHESTER R., MSgt. (2119) fr DP SanFran to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

WRIGHT, JAMES T., MSgt. (2119) fr DP SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

LUNDY, HARVARD F., MSgt. (0819) fr DP SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

RANDOLPH, THOMAS R., SSgt. (0800) fr DP SanFran to HqMC WashDC.

BOHLEN, ALBERT O., SSgt. (2011) fr DP SanFran to HqMC WashDC.

DEFENBERG, ROBERT E., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

TAYLOR, TIMOTHY G., Tsgt. (2329) fr MB Lejeune to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

RUSSO, RALPH V., SSgt. (5300) fr MCB Quantico to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

ARMSTRONG, LUTHER F., MSgt. (0400) fr MCB El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

ALTMAN, CHARLES C., Tsgt. (0400) fr MCB El Toro to MCAS Quantico.

SULLIVAN, JEROME D., SSgt. (0413) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico.

BRETHMAN, JOHN W., MSgt. (0500) fr MB NB Brooklyn to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

REATHOUT, KENNETH E., SSgt. (0500) fr MB NB Brooklyn to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

POWELL, THERON, Tsgt. (3511) fr DP SanFran to MB Lejeune.

PONCAVAGE, WILLIAM A., Tsgt. (3530) fr DP SanFran to Harston Annex.

MAHER, EDWARD J., Tsgt. (3530) fr DP SanFran to Harston Annex.

WILLIAMS, DELMER L., Tsgt. (3513) fr DP SanFran to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

STEWART, CLYDE E., Tsgt. (3519) fr DP SanFran to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

MORLEY, KARL W., Tsgt. (3530) fr DP SanFran to MCB Quantico.

SIMMONS, EMERY C., Tsgt. (3519) fr DP SanFran to MCB Quantico.

JONES, CHARLES E., Tsgt. (3519) fr DP SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

SAULS, DAVID O., JR., MSgt. (2128) fr MCB Quantico to MCRDep Parris.

TARPLEY, HOWARD W., Tsgt. (3519) fr MCB Quantico to Harston Annex.

MILLER, VANCE J., Tsgt. (3519) fr MCB Quantico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

MC LAUGHLIN, JAMES J., JR., Tsgt. (3519) fr MCB Quantico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

END



"Are you the guy that's been hollerin' for a balanced meal?"

HARDWOOD HEADACHE

(continued from page 22)

Bullcrop had caught each of us singly and had nailed us.

"In that case," said McCoy. "Swamp 'em good."

Sub-Normal got the ball on the center jump. Smallbore, the man with the false arm, tapped it to Bzjrk who kicked the length of the court to the midget, who dribbled between my legs, to pass to Smallbore who dropped the ball into the basket.

Two points for State.

We got a break then. They'd never seen us play. I bounce-passed in to Whitey and he shut his eyes and sank a hook-shot from the center of the floor.

Sub-Normal took time out. It was apparent they had dirty work planned.

Sure enough, on the pass from out of bounds, Bzjrk took the ball and punted it through the goal.

We called time. As captain of the team, I called for two of our second string men. They were football boys, specialists in kicking and blocking kicks.

Now as a scorer Bzjrk wasn't so hot. But he kept two men busy blocking his kicks. After they blocked a couple, Bzjrk kicked a fast one to Smallbore who negligently dropped it through the hoop.

We stopped Bzjrk in the third quarter. We sent in our best boxer, who cooled him with one punch and got thrown out of the ball game. The captain of the State team shot the technical foul and it made the score 86 to 54, Sub-Normal's favor.

Gad, it was a mean game!

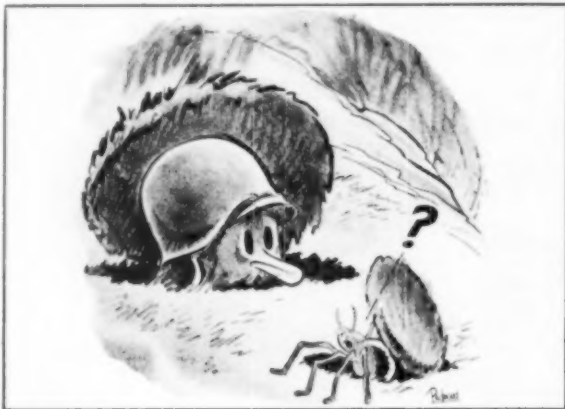
The midget was a nuisance. The impulse to clamp down on him when he dribbled between your legs was irresistible. Every time we did it the Hatfield's called a holding foul on us. The midget couldn't make the shots. All he had to do was throw them up in the air and Smallbore tapped them in the basket.

Now Smallbore got tired of making field goals and concentrated on defense. He stood down at our end of the floor batting shots away. He did that for a full five minutes. Finally we sent in Gowannis, who had won 42 fights

in the heavyweight division, 41 of them by knockouts. Unfortunately, poor Gowannis had never seen a left hook six feet long. We carried him off the floor, and protested bitterly to the Hatfields. They ruled that Smallbore had acted in self-defense.

Our judo man, witnessing this episode, went quietly to the dressing-room and put on his street clothes. "It just ain't worth while, Coach," he told McCoy.

McCoy nodded and dispiritedly looked at the Marine scouts in the stands. They were chortling with satisfaction at the way our Bagle boys were operating. They didn't bother to watch Sub-Normal. When I felt their hungry eyes on me I could almost feel the old transfer orders being written up.



It wasn't until the final period that we fixed Smallbore. Whitey, who is the biggest man on our team was really sore because Smallbore was up to his old trick of knocking the balls away from the basket. Whitey is very accurate. He is also very emotional. Smallbore stood under the goal and waved tantalizingly at Whitey, and that did it. Whitey really got sore. He wound up and fired the hardest hook shot I've ever seen. He jammed it into the basket. He whaled it in there. Smallbore's artificial hand was in the way, naturally, but the ball was going so fast that it took the hand right into the basket with it, and left Smallbore caught on the hoop.

The Hatfields called a foul on Whitey. We never found out what rule they used. The referee mumbled something about shooting with intent to kill. Time was called while a Sub-Normal flunky got a step ladder and a crowbar to disentangle Smallbore's prosthesis. (He had taken it off, long since, and was angrily complaining to

his coach.) He was out of the ball game.

Well, this happened with just four minutes left to play. We were 35 points behind. Many people will think it is impossible to make 35 points in four minutes. Could be. I sank our last field goal just as the gun was fired. Sub-Normal beat us 91 to 90.

And that is why we sat, broke and discouraged in the dressing room.

"Anybody got a coin?" asked Coach McCoy.

Nobody had a coin. Nobody said a word.

"A street car token?" The coach's voice broke.

I stood up quickly, yanked a button off my jacket and handed it to McCoy.

He swallowed hard. He nodded slowly. He wiped his nose on his sleeve. Then he balanced the button on his thumbnail.

"The emblem side of this here button is heads," he said. "Heads we go back to camp. Tails we go over the hill."

It came down heads.

I often wonder what would have happened if we'd got back to camp. "Won't they kill us, Coach," I asked McCoy.

"I'm going back to Tennessee one way or another," said the coach.

We had gone about two miles from the field house when we ran smack into a road block made of telegraph poles, chickenwire, logs, outbuildings, and fallen aircraft. It was a very impressive road block. We stopped.

A burly group of strong well-armed men seized us, identified us, and tossed our helpless bodies to the coach that claimed us. "This one's Thompson," yelled one gleefully as he hauled me aloft.

"Mine," yelled Longnose Lennart. "Camp Quagmire wins again!"

Longnose showed me my transfer orders. "If you come quickly and quietly," he said. "There'll be no trouble, Thompson."

Quagmire got Whitey, too.

That finished the greatest team the Marine Corps has ever had. I often think of M. B. Bagle's Wonder Five. Of course, playing at Quagmire was fun. We won the All-Navy, incidentally. But every now and then I get to thinking about Coach McCoy and his amazing basketball system. I've often wondered what happened to McCoy. After that night, nobody ever saw him again.

END



"Let your pipe tell you
about GRANGER—it's
MILD, COOL pipe tobacco"

Charles P. Bednarik

STAR CENTER
THE PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

GRANGER
PIPE TOBACCO

CHOW HOUNDS

[continued from page 45]

HOUND, CHOW, M7, 1943, (The Critic)

The Critic never should have joined the Marine Corps. He belongs in any one of a dozen other occupations. He might have been a famous chef at the Waldorf Astoria; or an expert tea-taster in Patagonia. If he really tried, he could probably write a treatise on food which would upset all the recipes and theories of the civilized world.

Even his own mother cannot cook to suit him.

He seldom marries. And, if he does, his wife divorces him after their first meal together.

In the mess hall, this guy eats as if he were starving to death. But he punctuates each morsel of food with remarks like—"To a dog, it shouldn't be fed . . . such lousy chow . . ."

His numbers are legion. In fact, some authorities believe his behavior is a form of occupational disease that is highly contagious. He has been suspected of infecting an entire regiment of healthy Marines with the ailment commonly called Gumbateeritis.

Fortunately, most mess sergeants are immune to the atomic blasts of The

Critic. They simply stand by the galley stove, staring out into space, while vile imprecations are hurled in all directions.

HOUND, CHOW, M8, 1950, (The Aviator)

This type does not draw flight pay. He is easily recognized by the peculiar attitude he assumes when sitting at the table. His chin rests on the edges of his plate, while both elbows are raised at right angles to his body. Unlike a bird, whose wings flap up and down to create flight motion, The Aviator uses a see-saw movement. With each thrust, both left and right, the points of his elbows make contact with the cheek bones of his neighbors. He is noted for the degree of sharpness maintained at the elbow point. Late at night he may be found sharpening his elbows with a whetstone.

It was once suggested that this fellow be required to wear a restraint jacket in the mess hall. The idea was finally given up when it was found impossible to assign a man to feed the guy when his arms were tied down. In a test case one man was court-martialed for directly refusing an order to take on this assignment. The defense claimed the task was, "above and beyond the call of duty." The case was thrown out by a Navy Board of Inquiry, upon recommendation of the Major General Commandant. **END**

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 9]

OOPS!

Sirs,

What a blunder! In your article on "Town Patrol" on page 24 of the October issue of *Leatherneck* it might be logical to miss the fact that the picture is backwards. I can forgive you for not seeing the reversed sign, the jeep steering wheel and maybe even the pistol on the third man from the right, but show me one Marines much less two who would wear their ribbons on their right side?

ex-Pfc Art Silberman

Chicago, Ill.

• Our art and photographic staff has been doing physical drill under arms ever since your letter arrived. The offending picture is printed correctly below.—Ed



BAGPIPERS NOTE

Sirs:

The picture of Pfc Francis Killeen with bagpipes in the September issue leads me to wonder how many pipers the Corps has today.

I understand the Corps had a good bagpipe band during the war (in North Ireland.) What has become of it? Are there any pipers, as such, still in the Corps, either Regular or Reserve, other than the picture of Killeen would indicate?

My queries are prompted by the fact I am a piper, trained by Pipe Major James Milne, British Empire champion. If there are any Marine pipers in this area, perhaps we could organize a pipe band here.

John Mac Aleny, USMC.

4517-a Fair Ave.
St. Louis 15, Mo.

• The 2nd Infantry Battalion, Organized Marine Corps Reserve of Boston has a bagpipe band. The commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel James J. Dugan, served with the Marine detachment in Northern Ireland before he became the 2nd's C. O. A bagpipe enthusiast, he sponsored the bagpipe bands in both outfits. We have heard good pipers on a few occasions. There is nothing like the skirl of the pipes—absolutely nothing.—Ed. **END**



Gyrene Gyngles

The Night Fighters

These are the brave;
These men who cast aside old memories
To walk the bloodstained pave,
Joining the solemn tide that moves
away
To suffer and to die for freedom
When their own is yet denied.

—Sgt. Herbert Shore

Dress Blues

The Port Watch gets a forty-eight,
The Port Watch? Boy, that's me!
Gangway! Hot Stuff! Comin' Through!
Now then—let me see;
Blitz-cloth, rouge, polish and brush,
Belt and cap's O.K.,
Buttons, emblems, visor, shoes;
What time is it? Say!
Gotta shave, gotta shower, gotta brush
my teeth,
Pin my ribbons on,
Now my Qualification Badge,
So long, Pal—I'm gone.
See you Monday morning,
And give you all the news,
Gangway! for a Leatherneck,
Full-rigged, in his best "dress blues"!

—Arthur H. Dye

Memories

When memories haunt the quiet hours
And drive away dull care
As you sit before your evening fire
In your easy reading chair.

Hosts of memories come floating
Back along the sands of time
Till you're seeing all the sights again
Through the windows of your mind.

Back along the fields of Flanders
And up at Bhudda's gilded dome,
By the story rock of Hatteras,
Or the frozen shores of Nome.

By the glow of Mauna Lao
On that Isle of Golden Dreams
'Long the dead bleak plains of Siberia
Or the Jaded Philippines.

Raging storms and shifting ballast,
Typhoons rising in the West;
Gilded silence of a dead calm
When the Seagulls ride the crest.

There's no book or painted pictures,
No reality or dream
That can quite approach the memories
Of an old U. S. Marine.

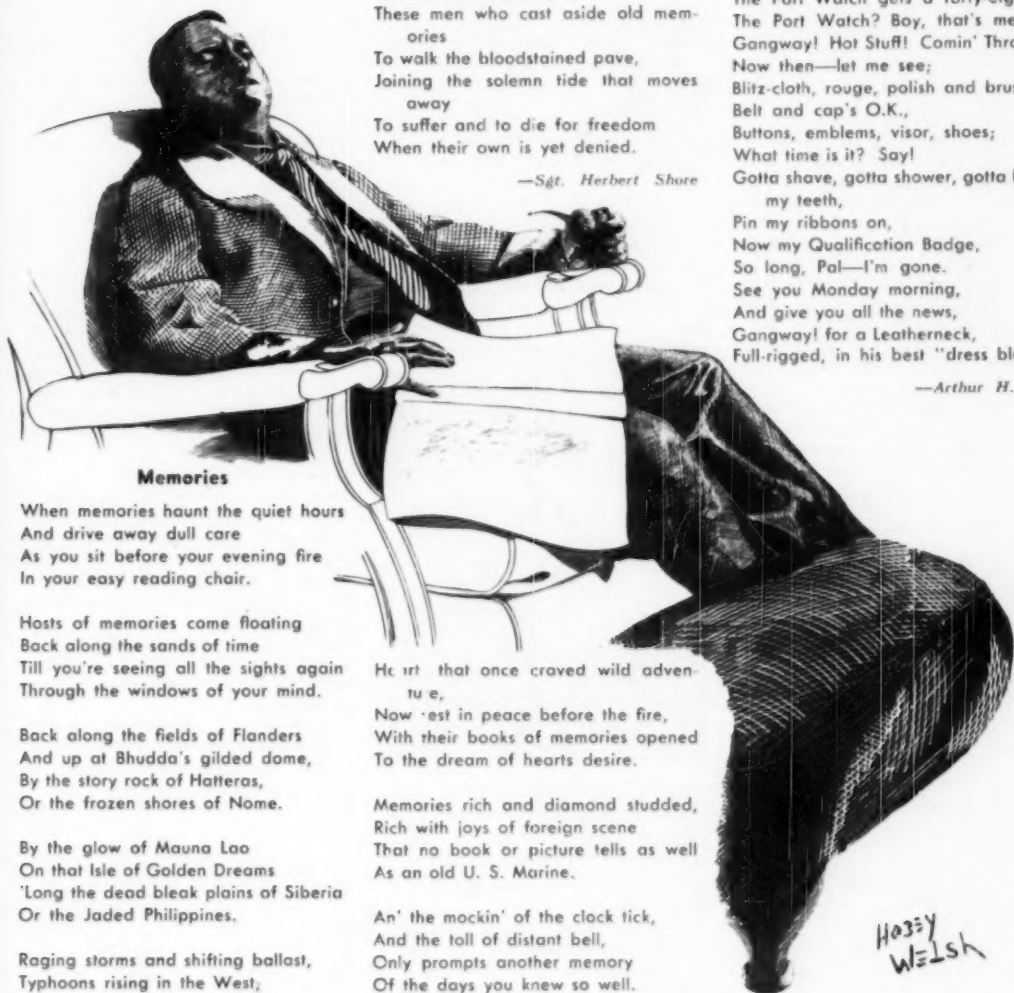
Heart that once craved wild adventure,
Now rest in peace before the fire,
With their books of memories opened
To the dream of hearts desire.

Memories rich and diamond studded,
Rich with joys of foreign scene
That no book or picture tells as well
As an old U. S. Marine.

An' the mockin' of the clock tick,
And the toll of distant bell,
Only prompts another memory
Of the days you knew so well.

There's a joy for every sorrow.
And a laugh for every scene.
And a prayer of love to him above;
God bless each Old Marine.

—Sam Russell



Hazy
Welsh

Books REVIEWED



MURDER CITY. By O. M. Hall. Farrar, Straus & Co., New York. \$2.50

IN "Murder City," former Marine O. M. Hall has given his readers an accurate picture of the corrupt political growing pains of a boom town. The people of Peninsula City, a sprawling industrial center south of San Francisco, allowed gangster Fats Pulasaki to run the town while worthy citizens dozed. The half-dozen honest men mixed up in city politics included Jeffrey Dodge and Finn Grannis, former Air Corps buddies. These two men launch a valiant attempt to clean up the town.

Their efforts bring forth many facts but the affidavits needed to back up these facts and put the majority of the administration and their gangster cohorts behind bars are held by Martin Marienthal, radio commentator, newspaper columnist and heel. Marienthal blasts various petty crooks and minor city officials but saves the juiciest morsels for blackmail.

Jeff Dodge finds himself on the stand, accused of murdering Marienthal and is acquitted only because of the testimony of his girl, Meredith O'Conner, and the timely disappearance of friend Grannis.

Jeff's search for his buddy and the elusive file of affidavits starts with his digging into Marienthal's past, which sets off the fireworks in Peninsula City. The story builds toward a colorful climax when open warfare rages between two rival mobs and the corrupt and honest factors of the police force and administration.

"Murder City" follows the popular formula for mystery writing: terse conversation, brutality and a hero not always smart enough to avoid coming out second-best in his encounters.

At its best the story is filled with suspense and builds to a skillfully developed climax. Hall draws his characters sharply and he is particularly eloquent in conveying Dodge's frustration and indecisive and impulsive

moves in his search for Grannis and the affidavits. The final exposure of the whereabouts of the elusive affidavits is novel and effective.

Hall's use of the "flashback" style early in the book to set the background may confuse readers. The first few chapters seem choppy but with the flashbacks finished, the story flows freely and naturally.

Mr. Hall, if he avoids gimmicks like the flashbacks and sticks to his own fluid style, seems to be capable of turning out fast-moving, easily read mysteries.

K.A.L.



THE NONCOM'S GUIDE. The Military Service Publishing Company. \$2.50

WHAT is the monthly pay of a private in the Rumanian Army? What state does not allow divorce for any cause? How does the new pay bill (Career Compensation Act, 1949) affect your monthly take home pay?

These are a few of the thousands of questions which are answered in the third edition of the "Noncom's Guide," published in August, 1949. This handy encyclopedia is written expressly for Army personnel but many of its 19 chapters carry information which is beneficial to any serviceman.

In 441 pages of informative data—not the usual run-of-the-mill stuff found in other manuals of this type—a noncom is shown how to help himself in his present assignment and how to prepare himself for a better one.

Especially enlightening is a chapter on "Leadership" which begins with a candid discussion of qualities expected of a man who would be a leader. A self-evaluating chart gives each man a chance to find out how his leadership qualities measure up to standards.

Excellent advice on study habits and a plan showing how to get material for talks or lectures are included. Imparting your knowledge to others by speaking effectively is fully covered with diagrams showing the right and wrong way to gesture during a lecture.

The best feature of the new manual is the section devoted to handling personal affairs. Items covered are gauged to help a serviceman who is subject to sudden changes of station which may separate him from his dependents by thousands of miles. The book points out that accidents, death, and illness are ever present possibilities and shows the thoughtful serviceman how to protect his family from future worry, distress, insecurity, embarrassment, or costly legal entanglements.

All aspects of military justice are defined in understandable terms with full explanations on various types of courts-martial.

Veterans' rights are described and various types of disability compensation and medical care are explained. The Civil Relief Act, and the GI Bill of Rights are clearly defined with added information on homesteading, burial expenses in event of a serviceman's death and death payments to the widow and family of the deceased.

State bonus information in effect as of July 1, 1949, is listed with complete details on each state's compensation to its veterans.

For a one-package answer to a variety of questions that may arise to puzzle a serviceman this revised manual will be difficult to excell. C.R.L.

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